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EDITORIALS

Are We One Nation or Ten? It's Time Our Leaders Decided

WHEN 11 attorneys-general sit down in Ottawa next week to talk about amending the constitution Canadians may be pardoned for yawning. Didn't they talk about that last January? Do you mean to say they're still going on about the same old thing?

Unfortunately, they still have a lot to talk about. Last January's was the most successful federal-provincial conference in years but only because it didn't break up in a cloud of epithets. Federal and provincial delegates were still speaking to each other when it was over—no small improvement over previous parleys, but not quite enough to get the job done.

All they actually did, last January, was to break down the constitution into half a dozen agreed categories—sections of federal interest only, sections of provincial interest only, joint questions of minor importance, and fundamental rights which (by unanimous agreement) should be tampered with only by unanimous agreement. They didn't even get to the point of discussing which sections of the B.N.A. Act fall into which category.

When they went home the provincial premiers were supposed to send briefs to Ottawa within a matter of weeks. The conference scheduled for next week was supposed to have been held last April. But even by mid-July only three of the 10 provinces had sent in their briefs.

Now they're supposed to get together behind closed doors for a week or so and come out with enough done to warrant a final full-dress conference of prime ministers at Quebec City in September. Can they do it? And if they don't do it, what then?

Where the Pedestrian Is Top Dog

WE'D like to urge all Canadian cities to consider a traffic regulation in effect in Los Angeles. One of our editors recently made his first visit to that oddly cramped and oddly spacious city and he's still talking about what happened the first time he tried to cross a street.

There was no traffic light at this corner. Our colleague shoved a timid, tentative foot across the curb in the manner of pedestrians the world over. Instantly every vehicle within a block on his side of the street screeched to a stop. Dazed, our man started walking. When he got halfway across all the traffic going the other way stopped with the same frantic abruptness.

It turned out that in Los Angeles the pedestrian has the right of way. We are well aware that in most places the pedestrian has the theoretical right of way. But usually his right of way means no more than his right to get out of the way. If the pedestrian gets hit it's the

Most of us will hardly notice the difference. It's a shame, a national disgrace, that Canada still can't amend her own constitution, but it has no effect on our daily lives. Nevertheless, the results in August and September will be more important to us all than we may realize.

You see, there's a third conference coming up, probably in late October. That's the general conference on taxes and the allocation of powers. Failure at the first two will not necessarily mean failure at the third, but it would be a bad omen, to say the least. And failure at the third conference is something we can't afford.

True, you've heard that before. All kinds of dire prophecies were made (some of them on this page) as to what would happen if the 1945-46 federal-provincial conference broke down. It did break down, and we're still doing all right.

Nevertheless, those prophecies were valid. We haven't suffered yet from the failure of 1946 because the economic soothsayers were wrong in predicting a postwar depression. But if or when we do run into a depression we shall find ourselves very ill-prepared. As things stand now no government can plan effectively against it. Canada can't take large-scale measures to deal with unemployment, to bolster a collapsing economy, because we haven't yet worked out the national fiscal machinery for the job.

Luck, and a continental boom, carried us through the first five years; it may not last another five. This is our chance to get ready in case it doesn't. Surely there must be some way to make our politicians realize that the one thing we can't forgive them is failure again.

driver's fault; but in some circumstances, notably when the pedestrian ends up dead, the point becomes rather academic.

In good old wonderful L.A., now, an automobile doesn't obey the law merely by swooshing around the pedestrian or by honking him back to the sidewalk. No sir. The automobile stops. All the automobiles stop. When the pedestrian has gone where he is going, in his own good time, the automobiles can start up again. Not before.

We don't know what effect this has had on the accident rate. To tell the truth we don't care much. It's the spiritual implications that interest us. We're still strangely delighted to learn that, no matter how big and fast and efficient a car is in comparison to man, there are still a few places left where they remember that, after all, the man lived here first. It's a reminder we can all stand now and then.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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The doctor advises a patient about HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE



DOCTOR: "Your recent physical examination showed that you are in good condition, although your blood pressure is up. Additional tests and examinations I have made indicate that you have uncomplicated high blood pressure. This means that no underlying diseases or infections are causing your condition."

"Actually, high blood pressure, or hypertension, may be slight, moderate, or severe. Even when it is severe, many people continue to lead active, normal lives for many years simply by following the doctor's advice and by adopting healthful living habits."

PATIENT: "Just what is high blood pressure?"

DOCTOR: "It is a condition that results when the blood flowing through the body's small vessels meets increased resistance. This is usually brought about by the narrowing of these small vessels. This narrowing may occur in response to emotional or other factors."

"Everybody's blood pressure varies from time to time. However, when these blood vessels remain constantly tightened up, persistent high blood pressure results."

PATIENT: "How does high blood pressure cause harm?"

DOCTOR: "Mainly by placing an additional strain on the heart and blood vessels. This, in turn, causes enlargement of the left ventricle of the heart. As a result, the efficiency of the heart's chief pumping chamber is lessened. Then, too, the arteries wear out sooner than they would if the blood pressure were normal."

PATIENT: "I understand. Now, Doctor, what can I do to help myself?"

DOCTOR: "First, learn to avoid worry and mental strain. For example, if there are situations which always upset you, make a special effort to avoid them. Slow down—go through your daily routine without undue fuss or hurry. The calmer you become, the more your blood vessels tend to relax—and thus help to lower your blood pressure. You must also get your weight down to what is normal for you and keep it there, you must get plenty of sleep and rest, and you must not neglect having periodic health examinations."

PATIENT: "What about the new treatments? ... special diets and drugs?"

DOCTOR: "In selected cases, the newer forms of treatment are often helpful. Some of the newer drugs may be helpful in many cases but owing to the wide variation in the causes of high blood pressure, these should only be taken with the advice of your physician. Various diets in which salt, protein, and fats are restricted have often benefited some patients. But in your case, like many others, simple common sense treatment usually produces good results."

Knowledge of what causes high blood pressure is increasing, thanks to research supported by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund and others. In fact, there is hope that both preventive and curative measures may be found as research continues. For more information about high blood pressure, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 80-M, entitled "Your Heart."

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

A Tail to the U. S. Kite? Not Canada

By **BLAIR FRASER**

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



freedom to run our own control system at home; Ottawa doesn't want to be caught up in Washington red tape. Canadians will hold out for agreement that we can have

SOME TIME this week, if all runs on schedule, an important conference on one aspect of defense is meeting in Ottawa. Its object: A continental plan for industrial mobilization.

The United States has one already. Thirty thousand companies know which, and how many, of 7,500 items of war material they're expected to produce. Orders have been placed which, on the outbreak of war, have the force of contracts; all 30,000 plants can start work without further notice.

Canada has no such over-all plan because Canada still doesn't know just what she'll have to do. We wouldn't need any grand design to produce for our own forces—more than 70% of Canada's World War II production was for other countries. It would be idle to draw up detailed production schemes only to find they weren't wanted. It's hoped that the August conference will give us some of the necessary answers.

Tying Canadian and American arsenals together won't be easy. The old problem of standardization is still there: What kind of equipment shall we make? And for whom?

Canada also has a couple of points of her own. We want equal rights in priorities and allocations—after Pearl Harbor it took weeks, even months, to untangle the red tape in wartime Washington and get urgently needed parts and materials to keep Canadian war plants rolling. We also want

our own control machinery, parallel in effect but not necessarily in form with the American.

In personnel it's a pretty high-level conference. Stuart Symington, former U. S. Air Secretary and now chairman of the National Security Resources Board, is heading the American delegation which also includes Hubert Howard, Munitions Board Chairman. Canada will have Sidney Pierce, associate Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, whose real job is military procurement, and Harry J. Carmichael, chairman of the Industrial Defense Board.

Nevertheless, if it hadn't been for the Korean crisis, the conference might well have been a minor affair. It would have been held anyway—planning for it began in April, two and a half months before the Red invasion. But the new atmosphere of urgency has promoted it to Grade A status and multiplied its chances of success.

* * *

THOUGH the early military news from Korea was bad Ottawa remained cheerful. External Affairs people were confident (a) that the U. S. was determined to see the Korean affair through to a finish; and (b) that the result would greatly increase the power and prestige of the United Nations.

Without U. S. leadership, of course.
Continued on page 54



Cartoon by Grassick

Ottawa doesn't want to get caught up in Washington red tape.



MACARTHUR led U.S. combat troops into Korea when UN called for aid.

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

A Reborn UN Bares Its Teeth

THERE are days when the House of Commons is in a bad mood and the particular Tuesday which I am about to describe was one of them. For one thing it was hot and the place was jammed to the ceiling for we were having a vote of confidence debate on the Schuman Plan to unify British coal and steel production with that of Western Europe. Another cause of irritation was that we had recently had two all-night sittings on the Finance Bill.

If you have never seen dawn break over the Thames and never heard the first omnibus rumble in the early hours across Westminster Bridge then it is worth while to sit on the terrace and take them in. But after 15 years of parliament the novelty for me has worn off. I prefer to leave the dawn to poets and to take it for granted.

There is, of course, one advantage in driving home at 6 a.m. You do not have to crawl in a traffic jam. But on the whole it is a foolish business and we were very angry with the whips, and particularly with Herbert Morrison who is the Leader of the House. Finance should not be discussed in the grisly hours of the morning when even graveyards yawn.

And now we were plunged into the Schuman Plan debate when few of us had made up our minds whether the Socialists were right or wrong in turning a cold shoulder to the overtures of France. Winston Churchill, however, had no doubts and sent us into action with strict orders to blast the Socialists into eternity or beyond.

With only two hours to go before the vital vote was taken (the Liberals and Tories had formed a temporary coalition) Churchill rose to wind up the case for our side. Opposite him sat Sir Stafford Cripps with his nose tilted disdainfully in the air, as if to say that Churchill's punches could not hurt him. Next to Cripps sat Clement Attlee looking unusually excited for him. In fact, as Churchill's oratorical artillery gathered force the

less attention did the Prime Minister pay to it. Instead, the Minister of State, Kenneth Younger, kept coming to and fro like a ferry, delivering scraps of paper which the Prime Minister studied with obvious intensity.

Finally Churchill sat down to the loud cheers of nearly all his followers and Attlee rose to a full-throated roar from his supporters. But to the astonishment of the crowded benches he said: "I ask leave of the House to interrupt the debate in order that I can make a statement of great importance."

The House sat up with a jerk. The Korean business had broken out only two days before and we sensed that such a remarkable break with normal procedure could only be on a matter of extreme urgency.

Item by item the Prime Minister read the announcement of President Truman. At long last the Security Council of the United Nations had worked as its authors intended. The Republic of Korea had been attacked by forces from North Korea and the republic had asked for armed assistance. The issue which the League of Nations would never face in the Hitler era had been put squarely before the United Nations in the Stalin era.

Truman had not shirked the issue. We were told by Attlee that United States air and sea forces had been ordered to give the Korean Republic forces cover and support. Further than that Truman had informed the world that an American fleet had been ordered to Formosa to prevent any attack upon that island by the Chinese Communist Army.

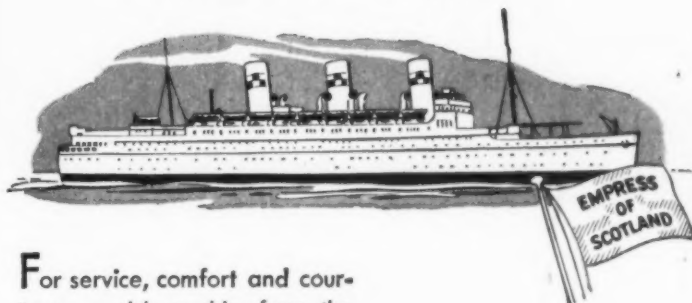
Nor did the decisions end there. The American forces in the Philippines were to be strengthened and a military mission sent to the French and the associated states of Indo-China. We listened in tense silence but gradually the enthusiasm of

Continued on page 54

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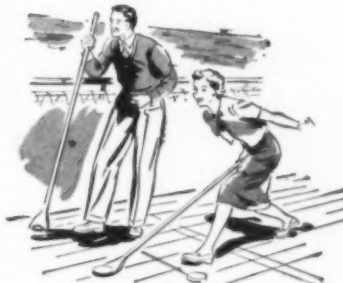
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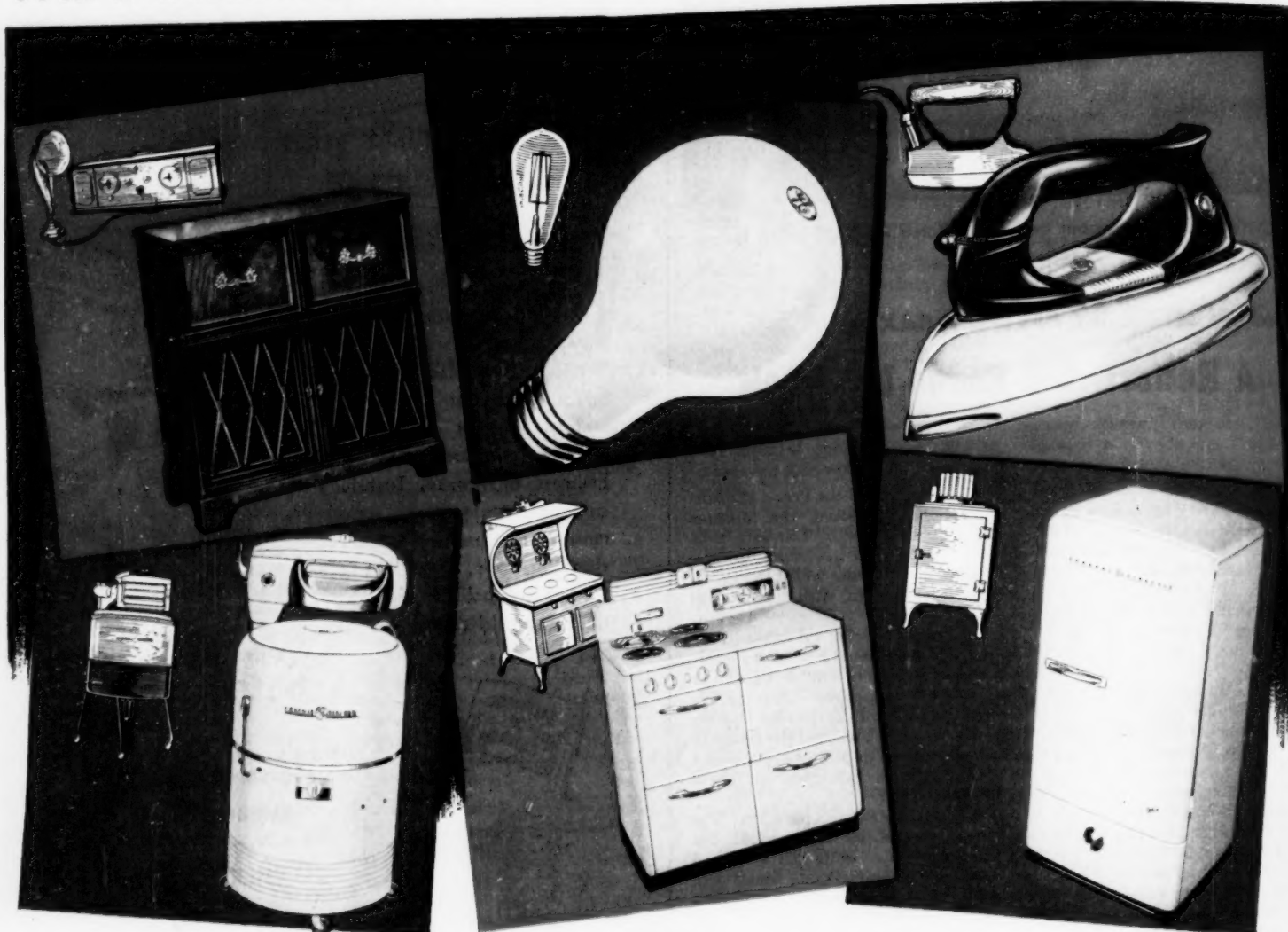
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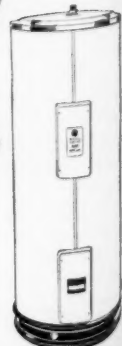
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MACLEAN'S

What Union's Done to NEWFOUNDLAND

By GERALD ANGLIN

A YEAR ago last April when 348,000 Newfoundlanders became Canadians overnight they hailed confederation with bonfires and optimism on the headlands, with crepe-hanging and forebodings in the ancient capital city of St. John's.

Thousands of outport mothers wrote "God bless you for the family allowance" to Provincial Premier Joseph R. Smallwood, who holds undisputed claim to the title "Father of Confederation." But at a formal party on the evening of Confederation Day a St. John's matron smeared a handful of caviar down the starched shirtfront of a Canadian branch bank manager and cried, "We hate you—why don't you go home!"

Did the elation last? Does the bitterness still smolder? And beneath the crossfire of human

emotions what has been the real impact of confederation on Newfoundland in the 15 months since she became Canada's 10th province?

Confederation handed its biggest jolt to the Newfoundland economy. It tore away the island's protective tariff walls against Canadian goods, put five factories out of business and forced Newfoundland merchants to learn new tricks to survive competition from big mainland firms.

But, softening the blow, it has poured \$15 millions a year in family allowances and other social security benefits into Newfoundland pockets so that if there are suddenly more salesmen there are also more buyers.

Upward of 140,000 children, many of whose fishermen fathers earn only \$600 a year, are better fed, better dressed and spend more time at school, thanks to confederation.

Housewives can splurge on duty-free bargains

like two tins of peas for 29 cents, instead of 25 cents a tin under tariff, and can buy \$15 dresses for \$12.50. Last year residents of Brig Bay and other northeast coast outports encountered a strange famine of plenty when, thanks to extra cash-in-pocket, they ate their way through all the food on merchants' shelves weeks before breakup would let a supply boat in.

Newfoundland's biggest drug wholesaler, Gerald S. Doyle, reports that his business increased 25% in confederation's first year and retail sales boomed all over the island.

But there have also been drawbacks to the big jump in consumer buying. One St. John's department store made more money in 1949 but found its whole year's profits wiped out by the losses it took on merchandise in stock April 1, on which duties had already been paid.

And another thing—a

Continued on page 51

Mainland competition, especially from department stores, has brought headaches to island businessmen but, anyway, aspirin's cheaper. Above all else, though, is the throwing off of the shackles of the past for splitnew ways and means



A FRANK FORMULA FOR HAPPY MARRIAGE

By FRANCOIS ROY

YOUNG Roman Catholics in 57 countries are today finding a safer road to happy marriage by means of a new marriage preparation course which is fast growing from its Canadian beginning to almost universal application.

Stamped with the *imprimatur* and *nihil obstat* of the Roman Catholic Church, it is the most organized and thorough effort yet by a religious body to prepare engaged couples for matrimony. And, though it does not deviate from Catholic doctrine, it represents a change in the official church attitude toward marriage.

Written by Canadian experts in religion, sociology, economics, law, homemaking, biology, and medicine, the 378-page, 15-lesson course gives the low-down on every phase of married life without mincing a word or pulling a punch. Some of its recommendations have surprised many Catholics, even priests. A few are struck by its frankness and detail, specially concerning sex. Yet many Catholics and non-Catholics see it as a strong new safeguard of Christian marriage. Many Protestants, as well as Catholics, have taken the course. One Protestant remarked: "If every couple took this sort of preparation before marriage, and lived up to it afterward, all the divorce lawyers in the land would go broke."

For many people the teachings in this lecture course will be news. For example:

"Warm-blooded people should not marry irresponsible icebergs."

"It is a serious mistake to marry far above or far below your own social or intellectual level."

"Girls should not wear high-heeled shoes. They are a cause of painful menstruation and many miscarriages."

"A ready smile is more important than a pretty face."

"The wife should not work outside the home after marriage."

"The husband should give the wife a regular salary for her own personal use."

"A single nuptial bed is highly preferable to twin beds under all circumstances. Much of the persistent discord in certain homes can be traced to the use of twin beds."

Though it is commonly believed that the Catholic Church grants only annulments and separations the church does, under certain special circumstances—such as the solemn profession of religious vows by one of the partners—dissolve valid marriages. Catholics, of course, can obtain divorce in a civil court from a valid Catholic marriage, but if they

remarry they are automatically excommunicated.

A marked decrease in separation and divorce rates is claimed in districts where the church's marriage preparation course is taught. The University of Ottawa, which distributes the course in 43 languages, computes this drop to be from 15% to as much as 75% in Catholic areas.

Good Humor Is Most Important

A DRAMATIC illustration is the couples who took part in the famous Montreal mass-marriage of 1939. Though the event was given international publicity it was never revealed that the "Hundred Marriages" were actually test cases. The 200 participants were the first to take the course. For 11 years they have provided a valuable proving ground for the marriage researchers.

Not one of these marriages has collapsed.

How do the Catholics say you can have a happy marriage? Here are some actual quotes and paraphrased and condensed samplings of their advice:

ON COURTSHIPS: Most are too long. They should be serious, faithful, and short (not longer than a year) and conducted in the home of the girl's parents or some other discreetly supervised place. Familiarities before marriage cheapen love, blunt the taste, and may well cause the destruction of the future home. Yet wise parents should see that the engaged couple have sufficient privacy—to make a wise choice they should get to know each other intimately. Religion, children, finances, and social relations should be fully and frankly discussed and settled before marriage.

Both should have a complete medical examination before the wedding and should exchange medical certificates. "But the future husband or wife has no right to and should not demand of the other an avowal of illicit relations with other persons if there have been any."

ON WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN A MATE: A girl should look for physical and moral strength in a man. He should have a reasonable salary, a savings account and some life insurance. If he seems mainly interested in wild parties and having a good time he is probably not serious. A man should look for gentleness, in particular, in a girl. "He should insist, even if she is a modern working girl, that she be skilled in housekeeping, cooking, sewing, and the other homemaking arts." She should not expect him to shower her with costly gifts and spend all his money on her. She should, rather, encourage him to save.

Both should look for understanding, for everyone has faults. Bad faults, such as alcoholism, should be completely cured before marriage. Both should practice moderation in everything, especially drinking and smoking. Both should beware of extreme jealousy and selfishness. Once engaged there should be absolutely no dates with third parties for any reason.

"Usually, the man should be older than the woman." Ideal age for men, 26; for women, 22. The most important characteristic in both parties: good humor.

ON CRITICAL RELATIVES: Relatives and friends who cynically remark: "You're making a serious mistake to tie yourself down like that!" "You're foolish to get married so young!" and similar remarks, are abysmally ignorant. If they persist they should be ignored and avoided. They can only sow false doubts.

ON HONEYMOONS: A honeymoon is indispensable in starting the marriage off right. It is so important that it is wise to wait to marry until you can afford one. Do not go to a large city, but to a quiet peaceful spot where you can be alone. Do not visit relations, or even friends.

Many marriages have been ruined on the first night because one party or the other has rushed into the marriage act. It is sometimes better to wait a day or two, but care should be taken that it is not postponed too long.

"The man must remember that his wife is slower to arouse and that preliminary love-making is essential to her happiness. He should take special care to completely satisfy his wife and to be as gentle and as patient as possible. Otherwise, suffering, frustration, and repugnance to conjugal relations may result, and this is a prime cause of many unhappy homes."

THE WEDDING: Have the best and most elaborate wedding you can afford. You only do it once and it is important for your future happiness that you do it right.

"The wedding ring should be a plain gold band, unadorned by jewels or fancy work." It is an excellent idea for the husband to wear a wedding ring too.

It is important that you have a house or some place of your own to live, even if it is only one room. Do not live with relatives, and especially during the first year, do not live too near your in-laws or parents. Parents should always be ready to help if called upon but should never interfere. Wives should seek their mothers' advice, but should

The Roman Catholic Church in Canada fights marital problems before they arise with a modern course of lectures and lessons which pull no punches

remember that their first duty is always to their husband. The same holds true for husbands.

"Husband and wife should always go out to social functions together, never alone." The main interest for both should be in their home and family. The wife should not get involved in an endless round of women's clubs and teas and neglect her family. But the wife should not be too demanding of her husband; he should have free time to take part in politics and other community affairs. It is important that husband and wife have a night out together for recreation at least once a week.

FINANCES: "Live within your income but do not economize too much." The wife should not have to account for every cent of the housekeeping money. It is wise to plan a budget and keep within it. The wife should beware of sales, and only buy what is needed and what can be used to advantage. Often it is cheaper to buy the best. The wife should take an interest in her husband's work and career and encourage him to save. It is wise to take out health and accident insurance and open a savings account with a credit union.

ON BIRTH CONTROL: "Today in every class of society a really diabolical campaign is being waged against children. The primary purpose of marriage is to procreate children." A home without children is filled with unhappiness. The church permits birth control only for the gravest moral reasons and then only by means of the practice of complete continence or the rhythm system (abstaining during the days when the egg in the female is fertile).

ON CHILDREN: If a couple cannot have children or if they have one but can have no more they should definitely adopt some. Children are a guarantee of married happiness. "Mothers should consider it a duty to nurse their children, for it is invaluable not only to the baby but to themselves."

Parents must instruct their children fully and frankly in the facts of life as soon as they can understand. They should not be left to learn about sex from companions at school, play or work, from movies, radio, books or comic magazines. The false education of children in matters of sex yesterday is the cause of countless broken homes and hearts today. Children should never be told that sex is dirty or bad.

Man's Need Is To Love

ON THE MARRIAGE ACT: "The secondary purpose of marriage is mutual help and the appeasement of the passions." Thus, marital relations should not be performed merely as a duty, but to be fully enjoyed. Hence, any method, position, or action that furthers the two aims of marriage is good and permissible.

"Either spouse is free to seek union at any time, even during pregnancy, sickness, nursing, and menstruation, and the other must not refuse except for the most serious of reasons." Wives who indiscriminately refuse their husbands without just reasons have been the cause of much infidelity and broken homes. However, with both the motto should be consideration and unselfishness.

"Generally, five to eight times a month is sufficient . . . At times it is very useful to demand intimacy to bring about a reconciliation between husband and wife, for it is an excellent peacemaker. Do not let the sun go down on your anger."

Conjugal fidelity is essential to a happy marriage, but it is the responsibility of both parties to see that all desires of their mate are completely satisfied.

ON MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING: Adaptation and mutual understanding are the keynotes of happiness in marriage. "The cause of most misunderstanding between married people is due to the fact that the husband judges his wife as he would judge another man, while the wife judges her husband as she would another woman. If we would bear in mind that from a man you take what he 'says' as a fact, whereas from a woman what she 'means,' there would be much less misunderstanding . . . Woman's need is to be loved, man's need is to love."

Though the marriage preparation course draws on the church's centuries of experience it is mainly the result of a concentrated effort over the last decade. On Dec. 31, 1930, Pope Pius XI issued his encyclical "Casti connubi" on Christian marriage, which is reckoned by the church as "one of the five great encyclicals." In it the Pope deplored the alarming increase of unhappy marriages and the "disastrous ease in obtaining divorce." He blamed them on the lack of full and frequent instruction on marriage.

The late Pope's words woke Montreal's Young Christian Workers (YCW), a Catholic Action group of young laypeople led by the Rev. Albert Sanschagrin and other progressive young priests, to the urgent universal need of a complete and practical preparation for marriage. But in the beginning Father Sanschagrin and his followers had tough sledding. Local church officials and many laypeople were decidedly cool to the penetrating fact-finding survey of intimate marriage problems which Father Sanschagrin persistently advocated.

By 1938 the campaign had enlisted the support of hundreds of YCW groups across Canada. In two years they conducted exhaustive enquiries into nearly 250,000 actual cases.

The Pontifical and Civil University of Ottawa became interested through its "Catholic Centre," an extension department which acts as a social laboratory where actual Christian problems are studied. The university set up the Marriage Preparation Service of the Catholic Centre to work on the marriage preparation problem with the YCW and staffed it with specially trained experts.

After the first two years of research the YCW

prepared the "Hundred Marriages." In 1940-41 other smaller experiments were made by various isolated groups, and priests and laypeople began submitting countless ideas and suggestions. In the years that followed thousands of married couples volunteered to test the findings of the service in the various circumstances of everyday living. As a result, theoretical solutions to problems were substantiated or replaced by solutions that had been tried and found truly effective.

Since 1946 the course has quietly spread around the world. Run on a nonprofit basis the course (one night a week for 15 weeks) costs students \$3 each, or \$5 a couple. They keep the lessons for permanent reference. The course is either given in each parish separately or in a central hall for the whole city.

The lecturers are experts in the various subjects—doctors, psychologists, lawyers and so on—and students write tests on each lesson. They must score 60 to pass. Those who fail are given individual "after school" instruction to bring them up to par. Those prevented by distance or working hours from regular attendance at sessions can take the course by correspondence.

The Marriage Preparation Service keeps in touch with graduates, gives their individual problems prompt expert help, and keeps up a steady flow of supplements, notes, and helpful hints. There are also yearly refresher courses for married couples which end with a renewal of the marriage vows and the couple being "married" again.

For the church believes that it is not only preparation, but living up to that preparation, that is the true secret of happy marriage. ★

DRAWINGS BY KEN ZEALLEY

DOS AND DON'TS FOR BRIDES AND GROOMS



The wife should work in her home.



The in-laws should not interfere.



Get any quarrels over the same day.



Don't be too strict with budgets.

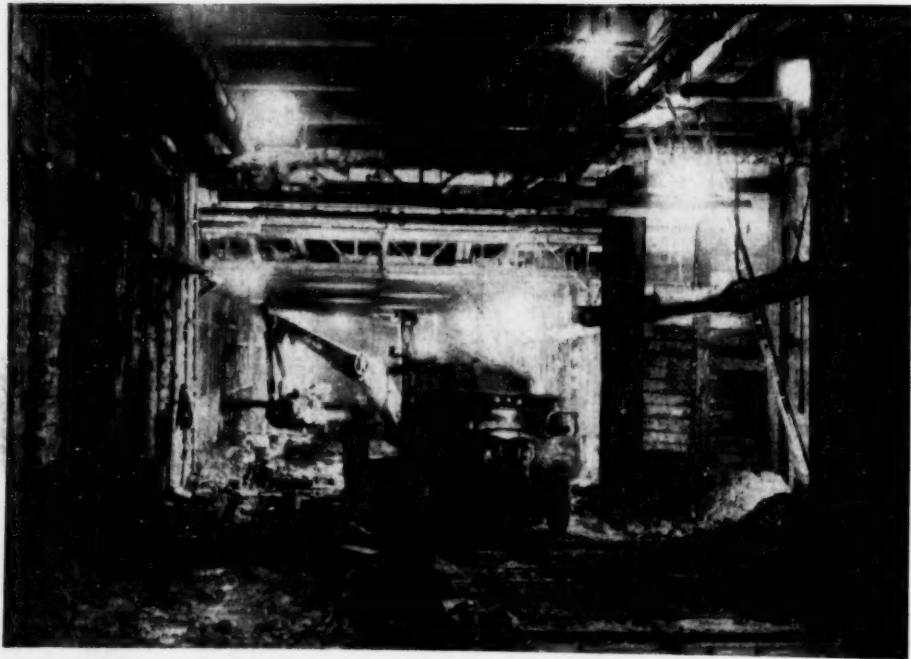
THE SUBWAY NOBODY WANTED

"Impractical," cried one newspaper. "Toronto's not big enough yet," said another. "It'll ruin business," moaned the merchants. But juggernaut steam shovels bit into "dear old Yonge Street" and by 1953 Torontonians will ride Canada's first subway



"RUINATION!" cried the shopkeepers when the subway builders tore up the street then replaced it with a plank deck. Even overhanging signs had to come down for a time.

GILBERT A. MILNE PHOTOS



UNDER THE BOARDWALK, with traffic resumed above them, the shovels dug down to 45 feet in a maze of pipes, old foundations. They had to watch out for a lost sewer.

By FRANK HAMILTON

UNTIL last September few Torontonians ever referred to their narrow traffic-clogged main stem as "Dear Old Yonge Street." Now most of the citizenry are inclined to regard the ripped-up and boarded-over north-south thoroughfare with a slight twinge of nostalgic affection. For puzzled strangers the Toronto Transportation Commission has thoughtfully erected at conspicuous points large signs which trumpet: "CANADA'S FIRST SUBWAY—Now Under Construction by the TTC."

Canada's longest street is scarcely recognizable today. Guttled and disemboweled and decked with a roadway of wood it is to many Torontonians a source of annoyance and apprehension. After peering into its cavernous depths one elderly woman voiced the qualms of the dubious by snorting: "I only hope they know what they're doing!" But, by Thanksgiving Day 1953 (barring unforeseen difficulties), she and thousands of others will be riding under Yonge St. on foam-rubber seats in the world's most modern underground, zipping 3¾ miles from the northern terminus to the downtown business section in 15 instead of 30 minutes. Another 5 minutes will take them to the end of the 4½-mile line at Union Station.

Toronto has reason to crow. It is the first Canadian city to win the subway battle. For nearly 40 years underground railways have been a recurring and highly controversial issue in most major cities. In Montreal a city councilor was once so moved over that city's underground project that he threw a book at the mayor. In both Winnipeg and Vancouver engineers have threatened to poke various municipal and provincial politicians. In Quebec City two angry aldermen once hurled brass spittoons at each other across the council chamber. And in Toronto the subway planners literally had to fight a pitched battle for every foot of the projected route.

TTC's Piggy Bank Will Pay the Bill

NOBODY, or almost nobody it seems, wanted the subway at first. The underground project was laughed down by the City Council back in 1911. Since then a militant group of engineers, politicians, and social and business organizations has fought a running battle with the subway backers. At one time or another all Toronto newspapers have been against it.

In 1930, when New York's subway builders ran into solid granite, the Globe and Mail warned of "similar unforeseen obstacles in Toronto." The Telegram opined that subways were "economically impractical." The Star added that, anyway, Toronto was "not big enough for a system of subways." By December, 1945, the three dailies were advocating a north-south subway under Yonge, but were still solidly opposed to an east-west stretch under downtown Queen St. A month later, in the 1946 civic election, Torontonians voted in favor of both sections, on the condition that the project would receive a \$10 million grant from Ottawa.

Continued on page 30

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page 30

Now have you heard what's going on in
Toronto?
They're digging deeper, deeper, deeper every
day!
Store proprietors are raving,

While they're tearing up the paving,
The racket is nerve-racking so they say . . .
For with modern engineering,
Dear Old Yonge Street's disappearing,
By the truckload they are hauling it away . . .
Copyright 1950 . . . Favorite Music Company.



THE PILE DRIVERS march up Yonge St., but it took 40 years of argument to get them started. Ahead, 25 years of rapid transit construction.



"Just where do you wish to take my daughter?" he demanded.

Some Violets Don't Shrink

Remember the greatest moment of your life — your first dance date? Snubbed by the girl you loved, you asked Marjorie instead. She'd embarrass you for sure but you hoped you could head off disaster before the last waltz

By MORT M. HOROWITZ

Illustrated by Oscar



THIS is not supposed to be a thing that happened to me that changed the course of my whole life. Anyway that would be impossible, because I don't remember ever having any set course.

Neither is it important for me to say exactly how many years ago this was. I was 15 or 16 or 17 years old at the time. Something like that.

I breathed air that was delicious, and I could do anything I wanted to do, and there was nobody I was trying to impress. In a world that was bewildered and shaken, I alone was serene and infallible. While most people will resent such an attitude, I am certain if they had known me then, they would be convinced that it was so.

A girl named Sybil Bostwick first changed all this.

We used to walk home from school together every day. Actually, perhaps that is not exactly the way that it was. In retrospect now, I am able to see certain things which I either then chose to ignore, or just did not understand.

It is true enough that we used to walk home from school together. However, there are implications in such a situation which simply did not exist in ours. Sybil's father was a doctor.

There is an attitude about doctors in small towns, and as a result of that attitude, and as a result of being the daughter of a physician, Sybil was pretty well up in the social strata of the town.

There was a new and exclusive residential section being built up a few blocks farther out than most of the houses had reached before, and it was in one of these shiny new red brick palaces that Sybil resided.

This very same section had previously been rather poor, respectable but poor, and one by one, most of the wooden homes on these streets had been torn down. As happens many times, two separate and distinct social colonies will exist and flourish side by side, although of course they will never merge.

Our house, which despite snow and rain and mortgages and great age, still stood, just happened to immediately adjoin the Bostwick home. I have dwelt on this point, but it is important.

SYBIL would come out of school with her crowd and I would come out of school with mine. Each group started out in their common direction, and one by one its members drifted off and went their separate ways. Sybil would walk with her group,

until the last person had turned off, and then she continued the final few blocks by herself.

I underwent the same process with my group. So the way it always happened, at the moment when both of us had been left alone, Sybil was perhaps a block or a block and a half in front of me, both of us having perhaps five blocks to go from her starting point.

I would always catch her within half a block. The way I figured it, she knew perfectly well that I was behind her, but as she wouldn't slow her pace until I could join her, I certainly wasn't going to run after her. I was completely confident of my own virtues then and there was no one I was trying to impress.

So as I never allowed myself to break into a run, this entailed walking at a furious pace until I was just a few steps behind her. Then I would try to sidle up to her very casually, but I was always panting from my effort, and it was difficult to speak until I regained my breath.

It was a complicated little manoeuvre every day, but that was the way I walked home from school with Sybil Bostwick. You can see this is not exactly like walking home from school every day with a girl, in all its

Continued on page 38



ON THE BANDSTAND Gisèle plays her once-vital violin.



IN THE KITCHEN of her apartment she cooks as a hobby.

Meet Gisèle in La Flèche

When someone stole her fiddle the girl from Winnipeg dropped her concert dreams and shot like an arrow into radio singing stardom. She has to carry a birth certificate to prove she co-starred with Clark Gable before her 23rd birthday

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

IT'S A custom among some artists to have a stack of glossy publicity photographs handy, showing themselves to good advantage to the Press. But a young and remarkably poised Canadian singer-entertainer, Gisèle La Flèche, has a new switch on this. She keeps a number of photostated birth certificates in her wallet ready for an argument. This is a pretty sharp indication as to the spot she's reached in her chosen field. For few people appear able to believe she made it so young.

Gisèle—who doesn't use her last name professionally because she thinks it's too difficult to pronounce and remember—seems to exude perfect confidence. She is completely bilingual in English and French. Because of her wide-cheekboned face and widely spaced eyes, the sometimes extreme hair-dos and somewhat theatrical make-up she seems a mature performer around 30 or so. Her repartee is quick, easy, funny, and slightly stagey. These things add to the illusion of age.

She's made a fast mark on the Canadian radio scene in the four-year-old 15-minute program "Meet Gisèle" in which she sings, plays piano and chatters. She's been a featured star in such variety shows as "The Girl Next Door," "Song Pluggers,"

"Comrades in Arms," "London by Candlelight," and "Morgan Time," heard on the Trans-Canada and Dominion Networks. As a single entertainer at banquets, conventions, dances, and restaurants she's proved herself a smart operator. Last year Ottawa, Vancouver and Toronto radio critics picked her as the most popular female singer in Canada. All of it stacks up to about \$15,000 a year—of which the CBC contributes about \$9,000.

So birth certificate No. 17808, issued by Manitoba's recorder of vital statistics, presents a surprising fact in that Marie Marguerite Louise Gisèle La Flèche was born as recently as 1927, in Winnipeg, to Dr. Joseph George MacKenzie La Flèche and his wife, Gabrielle Celine Oliva Marietta. Undeniably, Canada's Gisèle is only 23.

Her success story is peculiarly rapid and uncluttered with troubles. It seldom happens that a young violinist walks off the street into CBC offices and within a week is singing and playing the piano over a nation-wide hook-up. But it happened to Gisèle La Flèche.

Reason might partly be the ease with which Gisèle took over the CBC vacancy for an intimate glamorous chanteuse. Her husky, cheek-to-cheek

voice and French good looks were just the orchid's-and-champagne flavor lacking, and needed, for publicity and personal appearances. A network blurbster reached for this one. . . "Her voice has the crystal beauty of snow on the Laurentian hills . . . the most appealing artist to come out of the north . . ." Radio critic Gordon Sinclair declares. "Gisèle's an elegant girl. She looks elegant, she sounds elegant, she should only sing in her class. When she comes out with the pop songs she sounds like she was slumming. 'Lovely Bunch of Coconuts' is definitely not for her. She's got the light classical style."

To United States radio listeners Gisèle is the best-known artist singing from Canada. In the past year she has been heard for 26 programs over 500 American stations scattered from Atlantic to Pacific. The results have brought her letters from charmed Americans from as far afield as Hawaii.

This series was a government-sponsored project, produced by Rupert Lucas, to interest and instruct Americans in Canadian business and holidaying ventures. On each recorded 15-minute program Gisèle shared the billing with such folk as Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, *Continued on page 35*



PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

AT THE CBC, where she earns about \$9,000 a year, Gisèle chats with (l. to r.) singers George Murray and Ed McCurdy, producer Dick Gluns, June Dennis and Ernest Morgan.

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When Monday's wash gets soaked on the line,
When the sure thing in the big race gets stuck in the mud,
When the picnic in the country is rained out

Everybody Hates The W



THEY ALL BLAME HIM for the weather. But Toronto's Turnbull takes it with a grin. He claims the forecasts are right 85% of the time.



By Meteorologist W. E. TURNBULL
As told to Robert Thomas Allen

Illustrated by Peter Whalley

e Weatherman



A SHORT TIME ago a racing fan phoned me and raised the roof about the previous day's forecast of rain. He'd bet \$10 on a horse that would have won in a breeze on a muddy track, he said. It hadn't rained; his horse had run fourth; and what was I going to do about his 10 bucks?

This man wasn't mad at me just because of our forecast. He blamed me for the weather. Just before hanging up he snapped, "It's time you people stopped monkeying around with nature."

At the supper table one night my six-year-old daughter gave me a bawling out because she had been the only girl in school that day who had carted a raincoat around under a bright blue sky. I'd told her it was going to rain; and for good reasons. But to explain my reasons would have meant giving her an elementary course in meteorology. Briefly a low-pressure area had been traveling southeast at 35 mph for two days and was due to arrive over southern Ontario that day. But it had suddenly turned northeast, just missing Toronto, and had left me high and dry. Notwithstanding hundreds of home-

grown theories involving migrating birds, huddling cows, nut-storing chipmunks and neuralgic twinges, we still have no way of knowing what makes the weather do things like that.

My daughter, with the bitter sort of loyalty reserved for the weatherman, asked me again the next day what the weather would be. I stuck to my guns. I told her that it was going to rain.

I was right this time. But my daughter, like most people, couldn't forget my other forecast. It reminded me of the meteorologist's favorite jingle:

*And now amid the dying embers,
These, in the main, are my regrets:
When I am right no one remembers,
When I'm wrong no one forgets.*

Yesterday I had a phone call from a woman who told me that if I had any conscience left I'd stop causing soggy sandwiches, uncured finger waves, soaked feet, colds and bad tempers. The day before, she said, she had planned, on the strength of my forecast of "Fair and Warm," a big family picnic; and just as she was unwrapping the salt and pepper shakers down had come the rain—IN BUCKETS!

Actually, most people scored my forecast as a bull's-eye. It had been a beautiful midsummer day, with a blue sky and white fluffy clouds in Gananoque, Toronto, Sarnia, Barrie, Capreol, Nakina, Oshawa, Kovik, Kingwa and the Belcher Islands. Thousands of people had had picnics, got sunburned and enjoyed themselves. I hadn't been at the woman's family picnic, but I could guess what had happened.

She had probably picked a pretty little spot beside a farmer's freshly cultivated fields. The black earth, absorbing our predicted sunny rays, became very much warmer than the surrounding terrain. Then one of those fleecy cumulus clouds, caught in the resulting U-current, blossomed out into a full-fledged thunderhead and decided to dump all its moisture content on her cucumber sandwiches.

She didn't know all this and she didn't want to know. She wanted my scalp. She fumed: "What do you people do out there? I could predict the weather better by my rheumatism."

To most people the weather means the weather right where they are standing. To forecast the weather for every individual locality, if followed to its logical conclusion, would mean having observers stationed on either side of every tall building, as well as employing a sort of meteorological leg-man to follow all suspicious-looking clouds. What we try to do is give a reliable forecast of general weather trends over a large region. The Lake Ontario region, for instance, takes in all the Canadian half of Lake Ontario, plus a strip of land roughly 50 miles inland. We have 10 such regions in our district, which extends to the top of

Hudson Bay, and from the Quebec border as far west as the head of Lake Superior.

Yet one old-timer, who lives near Owen Sound, has been dropping me peppery notes and making the occasional phone call for years, telling me how far I was out with my forecast. I happen to know that the village this man lives in is located in a valley and, when the wind is from the north or south, the valley funnels it around and brings it in from the west and speeds it up.

I've tried to explain this to him. I've even tried to tell him that there is no such thing as "the weatherman," but a highly organized system of about 400 stations distributed throughout the continent which report on the weather every three hours; that teletyped weather notes roll in to our office at a rate of one every 10 seconds, 24 hours a day; seven days a week; that in the Toronto weather office there are 11 meteorologists, a staff of 15 assistants who plot weather data from outlying districts, and 15 teletype operators.

It doesn't do any good. He calls and says: "Well, you did it again, sonny. Got the clipping right here. 'Saturday, northwest winds.' Blowin' like all gitout right now straight out of the west."

He obviously has a picture of me as a slightly comical figure, knee-deep in newfangled gadgets, perversely ignoring the weather outside my window.

A man raised a row with the meteorological offices a little while ago for stealing a notebook in which he'd written the secret of weather forecasting! He'd lost the book a few weeks ago, he said, and probably never would have known where it was if he hadn't noticed my weather forecast getting better. He didn't ask if we had his book. He simply ordered: "Please return it at once."

Another man wrote to tell us, in exasperated terms, how to end the drought in Western Canada—simply level the Rockies and let all that nice moist air in from the Pacific.

A meteorologist must take degrees in physics and mathematics, then a master of science degree in meteorology. When I graduated 14 years ago I had a naive idea that the public shared my enthusiasm for this important and relatively new science. I soon found that, to most people, the weatherman is just a guy who tells you when it's going to rain—if he feels like it. A letter, addressed simply to "Intermittent Drizzle," was delivered promptly to the weather office recently.

Some Want the Inside Dope

ACTUALLY the forecaster must deal with exact speed and direction of the winds at selected levels up to 10 miles; precipitation; visibility; degree of fog, smoke or haze; clouds; the likelihood of icing on aircraft; the amount of turbulence; the maximum temperature for the day and minimum for night; the relative humidity. But he is judged by how often he says it will rain when it doesn't and, more important, how often he says it won't when it does. Whenever he's challenged to a public contest it's always a rain-predicting contest.

A few years ago residents of Victoria, B.C., began writing bristling notes to the Vancouver weather office, which had predicted rain for Victoria several times in a row, denouncing the whole thing as a plot to discredit Victoria weather.

Another time the head of the Vancouver Tourist Bureau claimed the weather office was discrediting Vancouver weather by predicting too much rain, and challenged the chief forecaster to a public contest. The contest ran for 14 days. A newspaper ran a box score on a simplified scoring system such as used in baseball with a possible score of 1,000. The weatherman won, with a batting average of .714 against the head of the tourist bureau's .642.

Soon after I married I forecast a sunny Monday and, on the strength of it, my wife hung out her washing. Most of the other women on the street, who knew she was the weatherman's wife and had been watching to see what she'd do, hung their washing out. We had a cloudburst. That night walking home from the office I got dirty looks from every woman in the neighborhood. I got one from my wife, too. The

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CHAPLEAU'S COLOSSAL CRACKER BARREL



ART GROUT'S first big job was embalming a corpse. Then he sold washing machines to the Indians.



SMITH AND CHAPPLE will sell you a cow or a canoe, chewing tobacco or corsets. When the trans-Canada highway hits Chapleau it will be ready to boost its million-a-year turnover.

A PHONE jangled in the hardware department of Northern Ontario's biggest and zaniest general store. A smooth-cheeked man in shirtsleeves and vest stretched across his paper-cluttered desk to take the call.

"Arthur," a woman's voice crackled in his ear, "I'm fit to bust an artery. Clothesline just broke. My wash is all over the yard. It's 38 below zero and . . ."

Arthur James Grout adjusted his plastic-rimmed glasses; hooked a thumb in the arm-hole of his vest. A gold-tipped tooth flashed as he spoke. "Now, now, simmer down," he soothed the distressed woman. "Fixing clotheslines is our specialty."

"But my nice clean clothes . . ."

"Relax. I'll have the boys bring your washing back here and do it over for you. Got a customer who wants a machine demonstrated. Might as

well use your clothes and keep everybody happy."

The housewife sighed. "Arthur," she enthused, "that Smith and Chapple sure is some store."

Calls such as this aren't unusual to 48-year-old Art Grout who joined the Smith and Chapple staff in knee pants 34 years ago. Today, as president of a company which sells everything from cradles to coffins, he is a hard man to surprise. The ringing of his telephone may herald anything from an order for lace panties to the sale of a cow or a ton of coal. Embalming a headless corpse, finding a cat for a lonely prospector or helping to fight a forest fire have all been part of a day's work. A few years ago he caught speckled trout for the King and Queen.

"If we haven't got it we'll get it. And we'll deliver it by dog team, train, truck, canoe, mail, airplane or telegraph."

It's this policy that has made Smith and Chapple

This big store in a small Ontario town grew from a tent in the mud by selling everything from cradles to coffins. If you asked owner Art Grout for flying saucers he'd have cups to match

By BRUCE McLEOD

a household name among their customers scattered over more than 100,000 square miles of rugged bush country ringing the little railway town of Chapleau, Ont., 170 miles west of Sudbury on the CPR.

Customers who shop at "Grout's Goliath" range all the way from bargain-hunting housewives in gingham dresses to staid railroaders with gold watch chains curling down their blue serge vests. Lumberjacks and trappers in high boots, breeches and plaid shirts mix with town doctors and business executives in the height of fashion. There was even the little wrinkled man in peaked cap and soiled wind-breaker who celebrated heavily then passed out while selecting a pair of shoes. Grout, who deprecates drinking, merely grinned and said, "Deliver him home—no charge."

Smith and Chapple sells everything for the bride from her wedding gown and diamond to honeymoon luggage and

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AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC

With Len Norris

THE STORY OF CUNARD *Conclusion*

They Wouldn't Hire Noah

By JAMES DUGAN



SIR SAM CUNARD, of Halifax. Steam won.

SIR SAMUEL CUNARD, who founded the world's largest steamship line in 1840, was originally a merchant prince of Halifax, N.S. The Cunard Line has been sovereign of the Atlantic for more than a century largely because Sam Cunard had a pretty complete idea of how to operate steamships before he ever saw one. In 1826, a year before the Dutch paddle-wheeler *Curaçao* became the first ship to cross the Atlantic entirely under steam, Sam wrote to a friend that "steamships properly built and manned" could cross the ocean and arrive "at their destinations with the punctuality of railway trains on land."



CAPT. G. COVE, of the "Liz." No racing.

Sam was no idle dreamer. He was the richest and go-gettinest merchant in Halifax, agent of the East India Company, owner of whaling ships, iron mines on Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton coal mines. He had brought the first cargo of Canton tea direct from China to Halifax in the clipper *Countess of Harcourt*. He was a millionaire at 40.

He was well equipped to venture into steamship operation. His *Bluenose* sailing packets had held the Halifax-Bermuda mail contracts for years. In 1830 he became a £1,000 partner in Canada's early steamship, *Royal William*, built in Quebec around

Montreal engines. In 1833 *Royal William* became the second ship to cross the Atlantic entirely under steam.

Sam Cunard was born in Halifax in 1787, whence his father, Abraham, a Philadelphia Quaker, had emigrated when his crown allegiance made the new republic too hot for him. The family name was originally German, lip-changed from *Kunders* to *Cunard*.

In 1839, when Sam Cunard was a substantial ship operator of 52 years of age, he lit out from Halifax for England to have a go at his long-dreamed-of scheme for an "ocean railway." The bustling Canadian thought the time was ripe—the British Admiralty was inviting bids for carrying mail to North America and a \$225,000 annual subsidy was offered for carrying them on schedule.

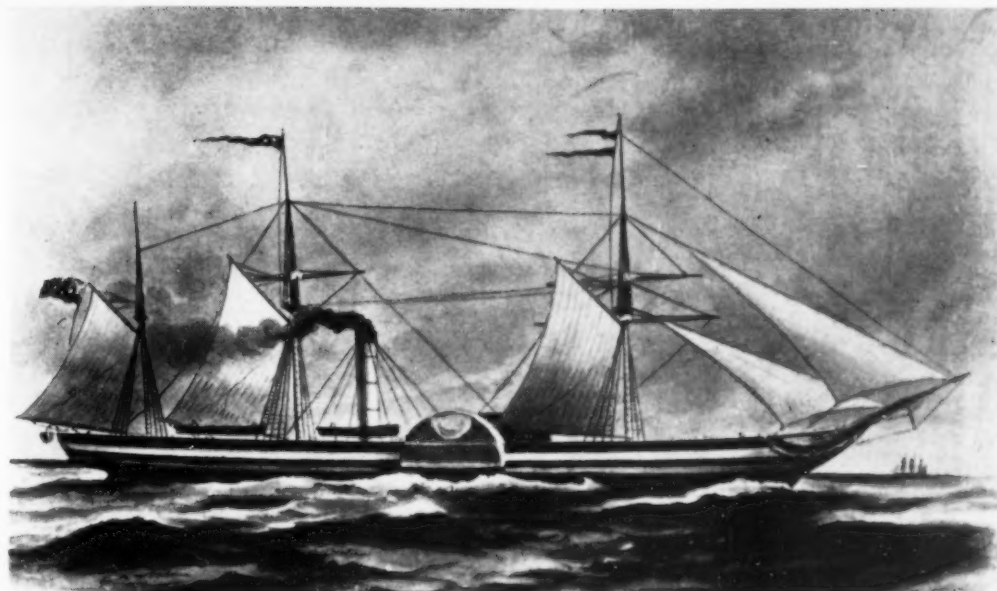
Fanny Kemble, the famous actress, described Sam Cunard as he invaded Britain. "He believed in himself. He made both men and things bend to his will." Fanny met the "shy, silent, rather rustic gentleman with the keen eyes, firm lips and happy manners" at Mrs. Norton's saloon. Mrs. Norton was the reigning beauty and the favorite of Prime Minister Lord Melbourne. Sam had wasted no time lodging himself in the right place to find political favor.

The inside track on the mail contract was held by the magnificent 205-foot steamer, *Great Western*, the first designed specifically for the Atlantic crossing. The operation of *Great Western* guaranteed monthly mails to Halifax. Unabashed by the fact that he had no ships Sam moved with upsetting speed on all fronts at once. He had influence in the cabinet undoubtedly but he also had a solid reputation as a ship operator and when he held out the promise of a line, as against a single ship, to carry the mails he received a promise of the mail contract. Putting these two promises together he ended up



Himself

Mark Twain put his finger on the red funnel formula when he found that it takes 15 years to tailor a Cunard captain to exact specification. Those masters have sunk U-boats, berthed a Queenship without tugs and steered the line to the best of its 110 years.



BRITANNIA, Cunard's first flagship, crossed to Boston in 1840. In her wake came a mighty fleet now led by Queen Elizabeth (below) which ferried Canadians to and from the war.

with the mail subsidy and the beginnings of a steamship line.

Cunard took on two shrewd partners, Scottish ship owners George Burns and David MacIver, and ordered the first four sister ships of the famous line from David Napier. He swept through moneyed circles in Liverpool and Glasgow and raised \$1 million in 10 days. The four sisters were 225-foot paddle-wheelers named for the lands they were to serve: Britannia, Acadia, Caledonia and Columbia, which set the "ia" suffix and the geographical names characteristic of most Cunard liners ever since.

Samuel Cunard was aboard the flagship Britannia on her maiden voyage to Boston in 1840. Partner George Burns prayed over the ship. Partner David MacIver reinforced the divine petition with the first of the company's stringent safety orders to the crew.

Sam's prodigal reception in Boston established the pattern of Yankee hospitality and hoopla which has greeted the Cunarders ever since. Cunard and Boston were good to each other. One time

Britannia got herself embarrassingly frozen solid in Boston's "ice-free" harbor. The townsmen turned out by the thousands and hacked a channel to the sea. Cunard ships were soon contributing \$1 million a year in port dues.

Cunard was also aided by a cockeyed romantic idea held among U. S. ship operators that steamships were a novelty but clipper ships made the money. While the plodding Cunarders paddled punctually across the ocean, New England builders, led by the Nova Scotian genius of the clipper ship, Donald McKay, continued to launch the quixotic square-riggers for 30 years after Sam had proved steam was superior.

When Sir Samuel Cunard—he had been knighted by Queen Victoria—died in 1865 the ruin of U. S. shipping was complete. Four years of civil war had driven American commerce from the seas. Sam's epitaph was solemnly simple and complete, everything in a word, "CUNARD."

MacIver and Burns carried on for a decade when son John Burns, the next great name in Cunard annals, took over. As the first Lord Inverclyde,

Burns guided the company into the 20th century. Sam Cunard's immediate heirs had no gift for steamship operation and the Burnses took over. In recent times the Bateses of the Brocklebank Line, founded in 1765 and absorbed by Cunard, have headed the Cunard Line.

The greatest crisis in Cunard history came when the second Lord Inverclyde took over from his father in 1900. The wolf was at the door. Inverclyde opened it for him and found that J. P. Morgan, Sr., had cast his imperial eye on the Cunard Line.

Morgan, who controlled U. S. railroads and banks, now proposed to take all the steamships on the Atlantic into a gigantic trust called the International Mercantile Marine. He tied in with some smart German manipulators, acquired North German Lloyd and another German line, the Belgian Red Star Line, the Holland-American Line, and three British companies, the largest of which was the doughty Inman Line. Morgan had them all but Cunard and its biggest rival White Star. Soon White Star slid

Continued on page 26



Maybe You Just Think You're Sick

By JAMES BANNERMAN

Hypochondria is the common mental malady which can make a perfectly healthy person act like an invalid. Sometimes it takes a psychiatrist to discover the cause

MOST of us take fairly good care of ourselves, worry once in a while about getting sick, and occasionally think there's something wrong with us when there really isn't. But concern about health can be overdone to the point where it interferes with living a normal life, and when that happens it becomes an illness in itself—hypochondria, one of the strangest of all the minor disorders of the mind.

It is also one of the commonest. Anyone can have hypochondria, any time between youth and age. It may pass off in a few days or weeks, or it may drag on for years. It can generally, but not always, be cured. And just as hypochondria affects people of every imaginable kind, there is virtually no limit to the forms it can take.

It may be nothing more than a slightly unusual fear of catching cold, and show up only in a tendency to wear galoshes on days when the average person wouldn't bother. It may consist in making a fetish of getting eight hours' sleep. A college student was so upset because he couldn't seem to manage more than seven that, although his doctor assured him it was plenty, he started taking barbiturate sleeping pills every night and finally became an addict.

At the other end of the scale it may mean, as it did to an Ontario housewife, suffering from half a dozen imaginary complaints and crawling into bed in the firm conviction that one is a hopeless invalid. In her case she thought she had diabetes, an abdominal tumor, high blood pressure, heart trouble, kidney disease and tuberculosis, and she stayed bedridden for five years before she could be persuaded she was actually in perfect physical health.

Some of the most brilliant men and women of history have been hypochondriacs, and so are some of the world's top celebrities today. So, of course, are plenty of ordinary folks who couldn't be less newsworthy if they'd never been born. And so, for that matter, are a good many inmates of mental hospitals. One such, a man who had

been too much concerned about bad breath while he was still sane, wound up under the delusion his halitosis was so terrible that anyone he breathed on would fall dead.

Sane or insane, famous or obscure, most hypochondriacs get that way for only one basic reason. Nearly all hypochondria is a kind of escape from some situation or problem which was in the past, is now, or seems likely to be in the future, too distressing to face. Goethe ran into such a situation in the 1820's. In the 1940's the caretaker of a Chicago apartment house ran into one too. And when it came to the way they reacted there was little or nothing to choose between the janitor and the genius.

Goethe's trouble was falling in love with a 19-year-old girl when he was 74. Although he was as bemused and bewitched as any starry-eyed youth he knew quite well, in spite of his colossal conceit, that he was too old to marry a girl who could have been his great-grandchild. He went back home (he had met the girl on a trip) and sat around day after day, insisting he had the symptoms of every disease short of elephantiasis and beriberi. And this gave him the out his vanity demanded, because even Don Juan couldn't have made a conquest if he'd been in that shape.

The janitor's problem was about as unlike Goethe's as it could possibly be. One of his duties was to collect and empty the garbage cans, a chore he hated and did so badly the tenants started kicking to the building superintendent. This left the janitor the choice of doing his job properly or getting fired—unless he fell ill, which would mean the tenants and the super would lay off him because nobody could expect a sick man to be right on his toes the whole time. He began to have backaches, which he attributed to kidney trouble, and his heart pounded and jumped with such violence he couldn't climb a flight of stairs unless he stopped three or four times to rest.

If the janitor had merely

Continued on page 46

1950

Refresh...Add zest to the hour



At fountains everywhere ice-cold Coca-Cola awaits

COCA-COLA LTD.

Screwball with a Flashgun

Ray Munro will do anything to get his pix on page one of his Vancouver newspaper — from hijacking a corpse to acting as human bait for a sex criminal. Once when bored he starred in a nightclub dance team

By RAY GARDNER

A YOUNG, brash and totally uninhibited Vancouver photographer named Raymond Allen Munro insists upon behaving as though the newspaper business were the newspaper game. The result is that Munro makes a liar out of those veteran newsmen who claim their business is not as depicted in "The Front Page," Ben Hecht's ribald play about yellow journalism.

In "The Front Page" star reporter Hildy Johnson conceals a murderer in a roll-top desk to score a beat over the opposition, and then reminisces about

the time he hid a missing heiress in a sauerkraut factory and how he stole Old Lady Haggerty's stomach from the coroner to prove she'd been poisoned.

Ray Munro, who specializes in crime photography for the Vancouver Daily Province, has never concealed a murderer or stolen a stomach, but he once borrowed an entire corpse, complete with stomach. He has also saved a man from drowning, found two lost fliers, flown blood plasma to a stricken man and recently he helped capture a brutal sex criminal. The latter is now serving a 15-year prison term.

Munro is a handsome, blue-eyed, six-foot,

29-year-old extrovert who excels in telling tall tales about himself. He is a self-confessed screwball, but adds, "Some guys are screwballs and other guys pretend to be screwballs, just to get ahead." He winks knowingly to imply that he is merely a professional pretender. But the wink fools no one who knows him well.

Editors like Munro's razzle-dazzle style of newspapering, but live in constant dread of what he might do next. Himie Koshevoy, managing editor of the Vancouver Sun, who was once Ray's boss, recently cracked, "I named one of my ulcers after Munro."

Consider the case of the borrowed corpse. One



SCREWBALL MUNRO often makes a picture when he takes one. He let a greased pig loose at a ball; once showered the city with flying saucers.



BEARDED MUNROSKI delighted Vancouver nightclub fans with his Russian song-and-dance routine.

night two years ago (when he was free-lancing) Munro hired himself out as an ambulance driver.

"We got this call to go to a shooting at a certain address," he says. "We get there and find this guy in the yard with a hole in his chest. He's as dead as a mackerel. There's no gun around so the cops think it's murder.

"I decide to beat the papers on the pictures. So we work fast and get the body out of there before the photographers show up. We stash him into the ambulance and high-tail it to the place where we keep the body wagon. That's a sort of truck we use to deliver corpses to the morgue. My camera is in it, by the way.

"So then we whisk the guy to hospital and, after we have him stamped officially dead, we drive down a dark lane, park, drag the guy out and prop him up against a telephone pole and arrange him in a nice pose. I get some really good shots, full-face and profile. His eyes were open so in the prints he looks alive.

"But," he adds disconsolately, "it's not my lucky day. The guy, it turns out, hasn't been murdered at all. It's just a suicide. Seems he shot himself and then threw the gun 50 feet away."

While some news photographers brag about getting to a riot or a murder scene before the cops, Munro brags about getting there before the riot or murder happens. He bases this claim mainly on a certain trip to Detroit in June, 1943.

Running Story of a Rescue

HE WAS working for the Toronto Star as a reporter-photographer at the time. The Star packed him off to Detroit to do a story on a four-masted schooner. He never did see the schooner but he was riding a trolley one day when race riots broke out. The Negro motorman on Ray's car was dragged on to the street and killed by a mob.

Munro's eyewitness account was headlined, "I Saw a Negro Die," and his pictures were syndicated all over the continent.

The Munro luck was working again when the Star bought a walkie-talkie set for reporters on fast-breaking stories and sent Ray and reporter Cliff Trevor to the Toronto water front to test it.

The pair had just made contact with their newsroom when they saw a canoe overturn, throwing a man into the water. Munro plunged in and rescued him while Trevor dictated a running story to the office.

When there's no news Munro is capable of making his own. Last August he made his own headlines by helping capture a sex criminal who had been terrorizing couples parked in Vancouver's Stanley Park.

The city desk assigned a young reporter, Don McClean, to help Munro set his trap. McClean was outfitted with a red wig and armed with a policeman's billy. Munro himself packed a loaded Luger. The two parked near the scene of the earlier crimes and waited.

Toward dawn on the second night McClean was snuggled up closely to Munro, his head on Munro's shoulder, when suddenly the car door was wrenched open. A flashlight glared in their faces and a voice barked, "This is the Morality Squad!"

Munro whipped out his Luger and yelled, "Drop your gun or I'll shoot!" McClean lashed out with his billy and caught the hoodlum a glancing blow on the head. The marauder fled. McClean went after him and brought him down with a flying tackle. While the two struggled Munro fired a shot into the air. The hoodlum surrendered meekly and asked to be taken to the police station.

But first Munro had McClean put a wrestling hold on their prisoner while he shot them both with his Speed Graphic.

The usually staid and conservative Province plastered the story and follow-ups all over page one for days. Even the rival Vancouver Sun was forced to pick the story up off the police blotter, but referred to Munro and McClean simply as "two citizens."

John Kenneth Clark, a laborer, was later found guilty of raping a 25-year-old woman in the park. Two accomplices have not yet been caught. In

sentencing Clark to 15 years and 10 strokes of the lash Chief Justice Wendall Farris said Clark and his companions "hunted an innocent girl like a pack of wolves." Munro was cited for courage.

Time Magazine devoted half a page to the exploit in the park and ran the picture Munro had taken of McClean holding Clark. Most newspapermen would be grateful for that sort of recognition, but Munro sent Time a bill for the picture. "Why not?" he asked. "They have all the money in the world, except \$8.32." Time paid.

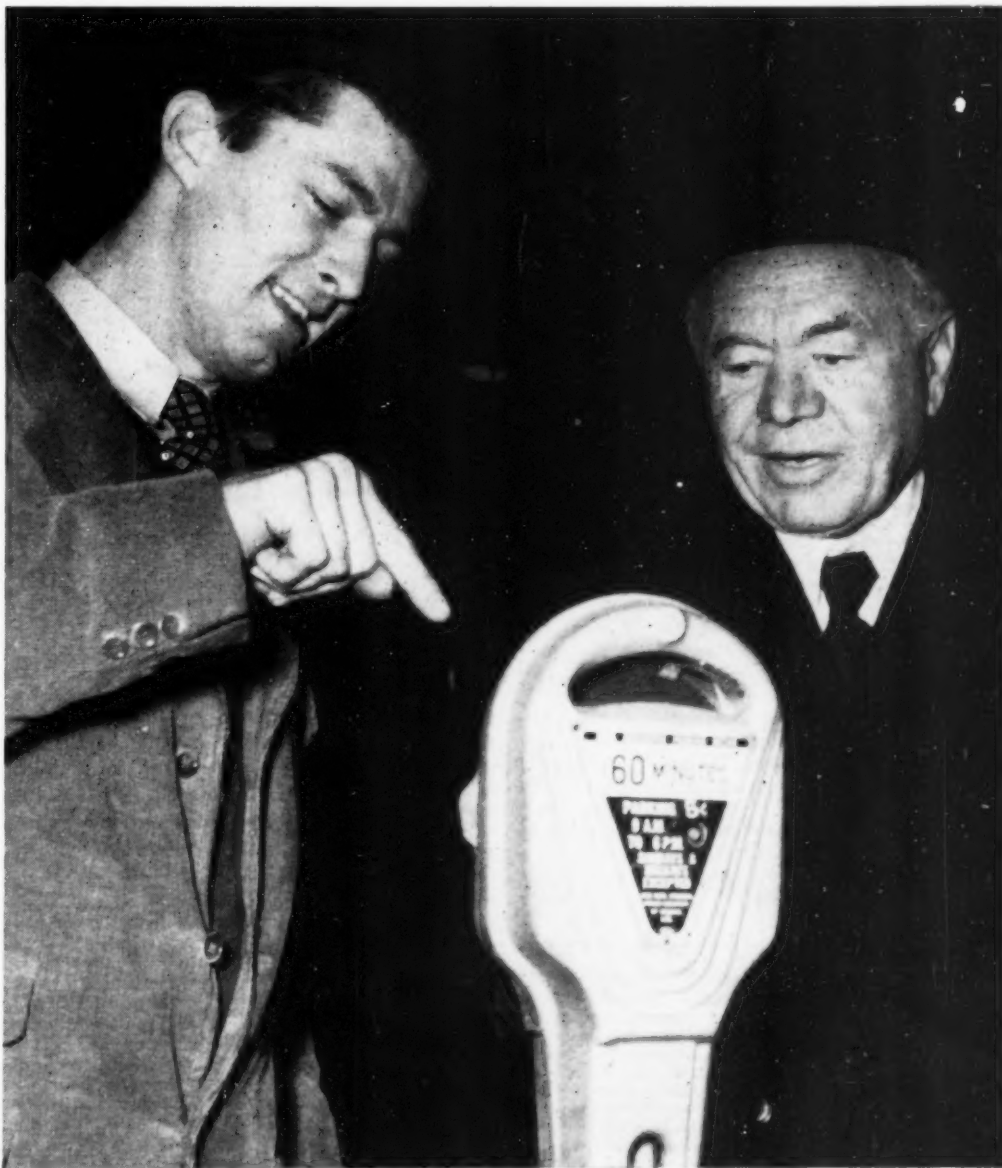
Ray Munro was born in Montreal on July 14, 1921. An old buddy says Munro was either born with a love of danger or he acquired a taste for it during the war when he was an RCAF fighter pilot. In any case Munro started thumbing his nose at death while still in his teens.

He Claims More than 150 Scars

IN JANUARY, 1939, the Toronto Star carried this headline on a story about Munro: Toronto Boy Falls in Mine; Saved As Drowning Near. The same story disclosed that only a few months previously Munro had been injured in two accidents; he had been knocked down by a truck and later by a streetcar.

Soon after he had survived the mine accident, the Toronto Telegram added another chapter to the Munro saga under the heading: Pilot, 18, Brings Plane Down on New

Continued on next page



LORD BEAVERBROOK got a razzle-dazzle view of Vancouver when Munro showed him the town. The Beaver bought the beer. Munro was a fighter pilot in the wing led by legless ace Douglas Bader.

In the Editors' Confidence

LISTENERS to the CBC's weekly quiz, "Beat The Champs," will be familiar with the name of James Bannerman, the erudite and sophisticated partner of fellow champ and Maclean's editor Ralph Allen. Bannerman, who is no stranger to Maclean's readers (he once advocated that men wear shorts and pith helmets to the office, you'll remember), discusses the problems of hypochondria in the article on page 20.

But who is the real Bannerman? A good question indeed, we say, because we hardly know ourselves. For the name James Bannerman masks a man of mystery whose multiple pseudonyms run all the way from Mark Carter to Lajos Dohany Lajos.

Readers of our sister magazine Mayfair may remember Carter, who was the magazine's former music critic. Bannerman likes to say that Carter was killed on his way to a glockenspiel lesson at the Korsakoff Syndrome in Montreal when run over by a radio special events sound truck. The only witness was George Austen, a former book critic on Mayfair. Trouble is, we've discovered that Bannerman is also George Austen. And the name Bannerman is a pseudonym. Which leaves us all as puzzled as ever.

● This brings up the subject of ghost writers, also a mysterious breed. One of the best in the business is Robert Thomas Allen, a bespectacled ex-advertising man whose name and home life you're doubtless familiar with through articles such as



"I Like to Fight With My Wife" (June 15).

Allen is the ghost writer on weatherman W. E. Turnbull's piece on page 14.

This means that Turnbull told Allen the story, Allen wrote it down in his notebook and transcribed it to paper in Turnbull's own words. Turnbull then read the result, made some changes of his own and the end product you can read for yourself.

Allen, who's a fair jazz pianist and an amateur ornithologist to boot, doodles horrible faces on his MSS while worrying out a story. "The



EXCLUSIVE: a photo of Bannerman. Or is it Austen? Or Dohany Lajos?

worse the story is going the more horrible the faces get," he tells us. We publish a sample from an Allen story that went so badly it didn't sell.

● You'll probably recognize some of W. O. Mitchell's "Jake and the Kid" dramas now being broadcast Tuesday nights on the CBC. Most of them originated as short stories in this magazine. Like most fiction writers Mitchell has led a varied and colorful life. Besides being a high-school principal and dictionary salesman he has also been employed as a bartender in Biarritz and as a carnival performer in Drumheller, Calgary, Cranbrooke and points west. On this occasion he was billed as "Capt. Mitchell" and he thrilled thousands—well, hundreds, anyway—by diving from a 100-foot tower into a damp sponge.

Now the career of our boy Mitchell grows more and more checkered. Last month he played the part of a gopher in the second installment of "Jake and the Kid." Some gophers we know have since praised the performance as "sensitive and perceptive." Sounded just like Mitchell squeaking to us.

Screwball With a Flashgun

Continued from page 23

Toronto Dirt Road and Takes off Again Safely.

This last escapade helped Munro qualify for the Air Force, which, he says, had previously turned him down because of his lack of formal education. He quit school after Grade 10.

He went overseas in 1941 and flew Spitfires in a wing led by Douglas Bader, the legless pilot. He shot down "at least" two Nazis and was severely injured in three crashes. Today when Munro tells about his overseas experiences he becomes greatly animated and begins pulling up sleeves and pant legs to display his scars. "I have more than 150 scars," he claims. However, the record credits him with no more than 147.

Early in 1942 Munro was invalided home and, on disembarking at Montreal along with more than 100 other returning warriors, was met, interviewed and became friendly with Ian Sclanders who had been sent by the Toronto Star to cover the arrival.

They spent the night together in a hotel room, Munro spinning yarns about the war. Eventually they discussed Ray's future and he said he'd like a job that wasn't too routine. Sclanders suggested he apply for a job at the Star. He did and was hired as a reporter. Later he acquired a camera and became a photographer-reporter.

This was the beginning of a beautiful, if somewhat hectic, friendship between Sclanders and Munro. In 1946, after both had left the Star, Ray bought a jeep and the two of them drove from the Maritimes to Mexico.

In Monterrey, Sclanders and Munro dropped into a bar to sample Mexico's national drink, tequila. The bartender explained there was a ritual to be observed in drinking tequila: first you suck the juice from a quarter of a lime, then lick salt from the back of your hand, and, finally, down the tequila. The bartender demonstrated with Munro's drink. Munro ordered another. The bartender drank that, too. Munro became vexed.

"So Ray told him about the national drink of Canada, a beer milk shake," Sclanders recalls. "To make it, he told the barkeep, you put a couple of scoops of ice cream in a quart of beer and then whip it up in an electric mixer. So the barkeep followed Ray's recipe and, when we left, his beautiful mahogany bar was lost under a great mountain of foam."

Munro's favorite parlor game is hand-wrestling, a test of strength in which two contestants place their elbows together on a table, clasp hands and try to force one another's hand down to the table top. Munro is strong and singularly adept at it, as are most Mexicans. But in hundreds of matches in Mexico, Sclanders saw him beaten only once.

Back in Canada Ray made bread and butter by thrilling small-town service club luncheons with hair-raising tales of his Mexican adventures. Then, in December, 1946, he went to B. C. and was hired by the Sun.

Immediately he tried to get permission from Hal Straight (then managing editor) to let a greased pig loose in the lobby of the Hotel Vancouver. "What pictures!" Munro gloated. But Straight got cold feet at the last minute, after Ray had hired a pig and was busy greasing it. But Munro finally got his own way when the Vancouver Women's Press Club held a ball on the Panorama Roof of the hotel. His coup flopped. His pig was so exhausted after struggling with Munro that it simply lay down and panted.

With Straight's approval Munro went aloft during the early flying saucer scares and cascaded cardboard picnic plates over the city.

When Ray and reporter Bill Ryan were sent to cover a plane crash near Hope, B.C., they got into the wreckage ahead of a rival team from the Province. On their way out Munro paid a construction worker to park his bulldozer in the middle of the only road into the crash, forcing the Province men to abandon their car and to go in on foot.

The same month footloose Munro quit the Sun following a burst of temperament too complicated to chronicle here. Munro free-lanced for a few months then joined the Province in August. The Province has never been the same since.

When the hospital at Powell River, B.C., reported it needed a fresh supply of blood and blood plasma at once to save a stricken man Munro volunteered to fly it in through bad weather. He and Gordon Dickson, a reporter, were met at the airfield in Powell River by a taxi. Speeding to the hospital the cab careened off the road, rolled over twice and came to rest upside down. The driver was painfully injured, but Munro and Dickson were only shaken up.

A passing motorist picked them up and rushed them to the hospital with the plasma, which had been undamaged in the accident. They were in time to save the patient's life.

Flying, which Ray took up at 16, has gained him many an exclusive picture and story. The biggest air-borne coup he ever pulled was in May 1949 when he found two young Vancouver people, Bill Grant, a flier, and Sheila Cure, a student nurse, after their small plane had crashed and they had been missing for five days.

Munro circled over them dropping survival kits, one of which contained a manual telling how to survive in the jungle. In the manual was an excellent recipe for monkey stew.

Fascinated By Firearms

When Lord Beaverbrook visited Vancouver Munro thought it would make bright copy if he could take the famous publisher and show him the town. They spent three hours together in Munro's car, chasing accidents, sight-seeing and even quaffing a beer. The Beaver insisted on paying for everything. It cost him 70 cents for beer and bridge tolls. Out of it Munro fashioned a sprightly page one story.

In spite of his lust for the violent life of the city Munro himself lives in a country cottage at White Rock, a summer resort 30 miles from Vancouver. The Munro menage consists of his wife, Elsa, who is 23 and pretty, and three small children, Joanne, Robin and baby Karen. Joanne and Robin are the children of his first wife, Grace, who died in 1945 at 21.

On his day off Munro often gets up at dawn and goes off fishing himself in a nearby river. He likes to go on one, only one, hunting trip each fall. Firearms fascinate him and he keeps a small arsenal of pistols and rifles. He belongs to the Vancouver Police Pistol Club and the CNR Revolver Club.

As if acting like a facsimile of the fictional Hildy Johnson at work weren't enough Ray teamed up once with another footloose Vancouver photographer, Art Jones, to headline a nightclub bill. Munro, in bushy beard and high boots, wowed the patrons of Vancouver's Cave Cabaret with a Russian song - and - dance routine. Munro wrote the piece, and, with a roll on the drums, capped the show with a double somersault in mid-air. ★

MACLEAN'S



YOU wouldn't think that a little thing like a magazine cover could cause as much invective, hyperbole and petty wrangling as this one did around our office. Stuffers either loved it or loathed it and said so in voices that bordered on the hysterical. All of this pleased Oscar, who believes, as we do, that magazine covers should provoke controversy. He got the idea from watching a guy playing a mouth organ to a girl in a canoe. Don't ask how the canoe stays upright. We've been through all that already and we're tired. Better ask Oscar.



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Presented each year by The Royal Canadian Golf Association
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Seagram Gold Cup bears the names of some of the world's greatest golfers:
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To all who compete in this year's Canadian Open Championship to be held
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The House of Seagram extends a hearty welcome and its best wishes.

The House of Seagram

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They Wouldn't Hire Noah Himself

Continued from page 19

into the Morgan portfolio. Morgan's agents approached Lord Inverclyde to sell 51% of Cunard's stock. Inverclyde held out for selling all of it!

At this point British maritime pride entered the picture. The country seethed at the idea of losing one of its prime national assets. Parliament partially blocked the White Star deal by requiring that the majority stock must be held by British subjects, although operational control remained in Morgan's grasp. To keep Cunard British, the government subsidized the line with \$10 millions and put down a statute that none but British subjects could own Cunard stock, a law that still holds.

Morgan was body-checked on the last pass before his goal. He roared vengeance; the great Morgan fleet would sweep the red funnel off the ocean. The Cunard directors benched Lord Inverclyde in 1905 because he had assented to the Morgan offer and put in William Watson, a British cotton broker of Charleston, N.C. Watson took the \$10 millions and entered the maritime war by building the fabulous sister ships Lusitania and Mauretania. They were 790 feet long with quadruple-screw Parsons turbine engines and could steam at 28 knots with 3,000 passengers and crew apiece. In the year they were launched, 1907, Mauretania took the Atlantic Blue Ribbon for speed from Morgan's best ship, Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Morgan's combined lines cut fares. Cunard matched the cuts, plunging into its capital reserves. Neither could stand the price war and Morgan's unwieldy organization sued for an armistice, proposing to share the trans-Atlantic business. Cunard agreed and kept up a red-hot shipbuilding program, which saw 13 new red funnel ships launched in five years. Morgan's combination fell apart in 1912 at a heavy loss. That year British steamship companies throughout the world averaged 7% dividend.

The Mauretania held the Atlantic Blue Ribbon for 22 years and left New York on her last voyage the day Queen Mary was launched in 1934. (The new Mauretania came in 1939.) Her sister Lusitania became famous in another way in 1915 when she was torpedoed with a loss of 1,198 lives.

Breaking Windows With Gold

The Cunarders built in the fight with Morgan carried a million troops in World War I, but sustained heavy losses to U-boats. The Cunarders Phrygia and Valeria turned the tables by sinking U-boats with deck guns. Campania, fitted as an armed merchant cruiser, became the Cunarder to best a commercial rival by naval action. One fine day off Trinidad during the Kaiser's War Campania spied a Hamburg-America steamer also gunned up as a naval auxiliary. The German ship had been renamed Cap Trafalgar. The Cunard crew, angry at the enemy presumption of using the name of Nelson's great victory, up and sank the German vessel, then managed to elude the German cruiser Kron Prinz Wilhelm and got away.

Most of Cunard's rivals sank themselves.

Down through the steamship century the U. S. Congress has been tireless in lading out money to whip Cunard. In 1850 Congress decided to buy the ocean waves by subsidizing a

leading clipper ship operator named E. K. Collins. Collins launched four remarkable steamships which quickly bested Cunard in speed and luxury. Cunard partner MacIver observed, "The Collins people are pretty much in the situation of breaking our windows with sovereigns, which, though very fine fun, is too costly to keep up."

Collins grabbed the headlines and the passengers in his reckless attempts for speed records. In 1854 the Collins steamer Arctic was pouring on the coal in the fog belt off the Grand Banks when it struck the French steamship Vesta. Among the 322 drowned were Collins' family. The surviving lifeboat held 14 passengers and 34 crew members, a proportion which tended to discourage Collins Line ticket sales and reflected on U. S. seamanship. Cunard kept plodding along safely. Collins lost two more ships in racing disasters and went out of business in eight years.

From the Kaiser's War to Hitler's War, Congress handed out \$900 millions in ship subsidies and then appointed an investigating committee to see what had happened. The committee reported there was no merchant marine to show for it. Last year Congress gave United States Lines \$67 millions to build a super-dooper rival to the Cunard Queenships. United States, as she will be called, is costing three times as much as Queen Mary, and will be bankrolled with operational subsidies to compensate for the lower crew wages on Cunarders. Cunard's attitude toward this grand patriotic impulse is not as much trepidation as it is envy. Parliament does its best by Cunard, but can't get that kind of dough.

The Germans Wipe Themselves Out

When a legislature becomes steamship-proud the people have to pay for it. The landlubbing taxpayer, who never takes a deepwater voyage in his life, pays for the baked Alaska and Turkish baths of ocean travelers through building subsidies, operating subsidies, mail subsidies and wage differential subsidies. Legislatures justify the pay-out because of national pride and the usefulness of express liners in war. Between wars the leisure class enjoys the benefits of patriotism and preparedness.

The German shipowner, always a tenacious contender on the Atlantic, periodically wipes himself out in wars. Take the sad story of North German Lloyd's monster sisters Vaterland,

Imperator and Bismarck, launched in 1912 as the biggest liners afloat. In 1914 they were promptly laid up as prisoners in their own harbors by the Royal Navy. In 1918 they were shared out as war spoils. White Star got Bismarck, which became Majestic. Cunard took Imperator and dubbed her Berengaria. United States Lines drew the huge Vaterland and operated her as Leviathan, lushly backed with government subsidies. Leviathan was a costly flop, while the British made money with the other sisters. The sole war prize liner left of German building between the two world wars, Europa, is entering service this summer as the French Line's Liberte.

The French play the subsidy game cautiously. Ninety years ago Louis Napoleon got so brave with his taxpayers' money that he put up a subsidy which allowed French steamers to make a round trip to New York without passengers and show a profit. The superb French Line today nearly pays for itself.

"No One Leaves This Ship"

Mark Twain put his finger on one of Cunard's virtues when he said, "The Cunard people would not take Noah himself until they had worked him up through all the lower grades and tried him 10 years. It takes them about 10 or 15 years to manufacture a captain and when they have got him manufactured to suit at last they have full confidence in him." The Cunard Line, in fact, practically invented the tradition of the steamer captain.

The original partners, instead of hiring waterfront types, recruited their crews among respectable skilled tradesmen who had never been to sea, lectured them endlessly on safety, prayed over them at sailings, and even required the skippers to read the Anglican service every Sunday at sea. The skippers were told never to leave port against their judgment, never to race other ships, never to strain to keep schedules. At the same time the mail contracts provided \$4,000-a-day penalties for arriving late. Somehow the Cunard masters satisfied George Burns' conscience and Sam's pocketbook. This tended to build character; it made a new breed of captain, ready to go down with the ship or up to the baronetage.

The skipper had to be resourceful. Captain C. H. E. Judkins took Persia into New York Bay in 1858 and was

Continued on page 28

NEXT ISSUE

A CNE SOUVENIR NUMBER



**Starring
Danny Kaye**

We asked James Dugan to look in on Danny Kaye in New York just before he headed north to star in the stage show at the Canadian National Exhibition. The result was mayhem but it, and other exhibition features, including the story of the "Gadget King of Canada," make bright, topical reading.

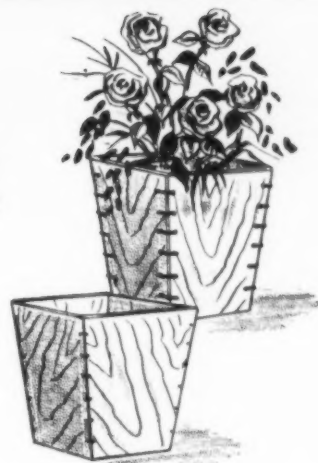
IN THE SEPT. 1 ISSUE ON SALE AUG. 25

Around the Home...



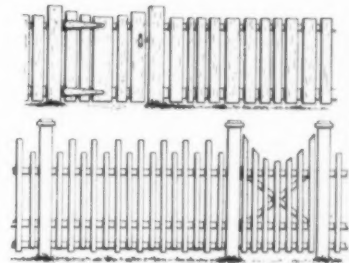
WOODEN COVERS FOR FLOWER POTS.

MEASUREMENTS (FOR SMALL PLANTS WHICH COME IN FOUR OR FIVE INCH POTS)
 TOP - 6 1/4" WIDE
 BASE - 4" WIDE
 HEIGHT - 6"
 IT IS OPTIONAL WHETHER A BOTTOM IS USED OR NOT.



LOW FENCES

1 INCH PINE - DRESSED ALL SIDES. POST ABOUT 5' HIGH, SET IN CONCRETE FOR STRENGTH. WHERE WOOD IS BELOW GROUND, TREAT WITH A WOOD PRESERVATIVE TO PREVENT ROT.



OLD PICTURE FRAMES

TRANSFORMED INTO SHADOW BOXES—AND A SMALL SERVING TABLE.



TOM GARD'S NOTE BOOK

WHEN cleaning out the attic, don't throw away that huge picture of Uncle Abner—well, not the frame anyway! I've seen old picture frames put to such uses as shadow boxes, coffee tables and serving trays. To make a shadow box, simply build a little depth with plywood, or insert shelves for small ornaments and tiny plants.

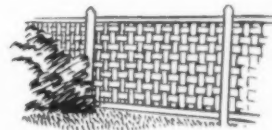
High fences are seldom now required—but low ones certainly can be friendly and attractive. My neighbour and I are building a new one between us.

Struggling with a poor lawn? You'll find a lawn spike like the one illustrated a valuable asset.

Noted recently how some friends had strikingly enhanced the beauty of their potted plants by enclosing the flower pots in attractive plywood containers, painted to harmonize with the room's colour scheme.

.....

For more information on these and many other ideas — write Tom Gard, Dept. P, Molson's Brewery Limited, P.O. Box 1600, Place d'Armes, Montreal, for the illustrated booklet "AROUND THE HOME".



OTHER FENCE IDEAS

LAWN SPIKE

TO GET WATER OR FERTILIZER DOWN WHERE GRASS ROOTS MAY ABSORB MOISTURE AND FOOD. OLD RAKE HANDLE, AND PIECE OF 2"x4" PINE. 4" SPIKES ABOUT 3" APART.



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After shopping for the choicest fruits and freshest vegetables, it would be a shame to use anything but the best vinegar you can buy for pickling—distilled and aged by the firm who made pickles famous.

Heinz White Vinegar is so uniform in strength, so full-bodied in flavour, that it preserves the crisp texture, the fresh taste and colour of your pickles.

You can save more than 2½ cents on every cupful you use if you buy the big thrifty gallon jug instead of the smaller bottles. Cut down your pickling costs by using the economical size.

Pickling Success

Heinz will send you free a 16-page book of recipes called "Pickling Success." Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. SP, 420 Dupont Street, Toronto 4, Ontario.

HEINZ VINEGARS

SAVE
2½¢
ON EVERY
CUPFUL
YOU USE

57

Continued from page 26
boarded by a health officer; the Yankee suspected smallpox and ordered the skipper to put no one ashore. Judkins said he would comply. The health officer started for the ladder and found Judkins blocking his way. "I regret to tell you, sir," said the captain, "that I am ordered to allow no one off this ship." The official ordered him to dock immediately, where he had Judkins arrested. The town roared at the joke. Judkins was acquitted and had to push back to the ship through throngs who wanted to buy him a drink.

Captain Daniel Dow, "Paddy the Irishman," a famous Cunard master 40 years ago, forgot the regulations on the day war was declared in 1914. Paddy was on the bridge of Lusitania, east-bound two days from Liverpool, training his glasses on a strange fellow-traveler—a surfaced German U-boat which had been cruising alongside for some hours. The sub and the ship received wireless messages simultaneously that war had been declared. Paddy rang his engine-room bells for full steam, veered off his course and ran headlong into a fogbank, violating three of George Burns' sacred safety rules. Paddy reached Liverpool safely.

In 1945 Captain Sir Robert Irving of Queen Elizabeth came up Ambrose Channel with 20,000 homecoming troops aboard and was warned that there was a complete tugboat strike in New York Harbor. He continued on into the North River at 10 knots, turned his 85,000-ton vessel broadside and inched into his berth under his own power. Among liner men Sir Robert's tugless arrival is one of the new legends of the sea.

U. S. Admiral Emory Land says, "Our present civilization is the child of the steamship." Since the waterfall thunder of the paddle first sounded on the Atlantic, steamships have created cities and have strewn the world's goods like cornucopias. They have decided the logistics of war and carried peaceful peoples to each other. The biggest mark of steamships on human history was the populating of Canada and the United States. Since 1840, 40 million immigrants have come to North America, practically all of them by steamship. It would take the two Cunard Queens 190 years of ceaseless weekly shuttling to carry the lot.

The "old" immigration, mainly from Britain and Ireland, was the first great population lift—8 million people by 1880. Then began the "new" immigration which extended its human stock-piling far into eastern and Mediterranean Europe, bringing 32 million souls in 40 years. It was perhaps the greatest ethnic event in history.

Traffic in Human Hopes

The steamship made the emigrant and the emigrant made the steamship lines. Both of them made us what we are today. Many an elderly Canadian will remember the loathsome steerage, but more will recall the better dormitory type of accommodation which emigrants found after 1900. The improvement came about through an inherent annoyance of ship operation; while ship owners could not build vessels numerous enough or big enough to handle the westbound traffic, those same ships had to return to Europe almost empty. Ships in which the eager emigrant would suffer filth and disease were not fit for tourists or commercial travelers going the other way. To get eastbound loads ship owners had to give the emigrant the same decent quarters westbound.

To make money on the return voyage to Europe steamship lines cut rates and bid for a new class of traveler—

students, teachers, and the lower middle class who were willing to travel in sociable dormitory style. Trans-Atlantic fare rates tell the story: In Great Western, the first steamer designed for the Atlantic crossing, accommodation inferior to tramp ships today cost more than \$200, a rich man's fee in those days. In 1921, in the immigrant-designed steamers, a student could travel to the Continent, make a two-month bicycle tour, and return for a total outlay of \$100.

The peak year of North American immigration was 1907, when Cunard launched Lusitania and Mauretania and J. P. Morgan was operating nine steamship lines in the traffic of humanity and its aspirations. In 1907 nearly a million and a half new Americans crossed the Atlantic. Cunard attempted to get a monopoly on the human freight from the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The line contracted with the Hapsburg regime to handle all its human exports through the port of Fiume for \$40 a head. The government had several reasons to welcome the arrangement: it could get rid of landless peasants in bulk, prevent men of military age from escaping, and get a cut-back on the \$40 the emigrants paid for passage. But the stubborn peasants doublecrossed everybody; they walked to Hamburg, Germany, and embarked on cheap Morgan ships, or they slipped into Adriatic ports and sailed to the streets of gold at \$8 a soul. Cunard got only 40,000 government-stamped emigrants.

History, News And Profits

But fat days are here again. The top boom year in trans-Atlantic travel is 1950. Cunard has 15 passenger ships passing each other in parade on the North Atlantic tracks. Six of them come to Canada, after having served the largest pilgrim flurry of our day—200,000 British and displaced persons since 1946. The rest serve the U. S. where the door by the Statue of Liberty is slightly ajar. Millions came there once in steamers, now hundreds dribble through on immigration quotas. The eastbound ships are full of students, stenographers, the car dealer with two slow months, the girl who wants to get married (an old steamship type), and the retired couple. A few decks above recline Noel Coward, Virginia Mayo and Lord Beaverbrook. Seven out of every 10 travelers from this continent to Britain are listening to a Scottish stewardess and a cockney bartender on a Cunard ship.

Although Southampton is now the home port of the Cunarders, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Mauretania and Caronia, the company headquarters are still in Liverpool, from which the first paddle-wheelers sailed. There on the Merseyside is the Cunard Building, a grim granite hulk. The cavernous corridors are lined with glass cases holding models of past Cunard liners, like so many stuffed birds who once flew free.

Cunard's board chairman is Frederick A. Bates, brother of Sir Percy who built the Queenships. Below the granite eminence he can see Sloynce Pool in the grey river and the Cunard buoy, where Cunard steamships have moored since 1840 when Halifax's Sam Cunard embarked in Britannia for Boston. Below him is the pontoon landing stage, where a Cunarder full of Hillman Minx convertibles, Tangye pumps, and Stilton cheese is loading passengers.

Cunard makes money. It makes history and news. This has been going on for 110 years and rival shipowners are afraid it will last much longer than that. ★



Give your car that big-car feel!

A small car rides like a big car, and a big car rides like a dream—on Goodyear's luxury-riding Super-Cushion tires.

These handsome, low-pressure tires are *safer*! They put more tread in contact with the road for greater traction and faster stops in any kind of weather! They have a body of exceptionally strong rayon cord that gives maximum protection from blowouts.

Mileage? By Goodyear's own tests, Super-Cushions run far longer than any ordinary tire!



Luxurious comfort! Extra safety and mileage! These are the reasons why car-makers use more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire. For the same reasons, Canadian motorists *buy* more Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire!

See your Goodyear dealer for Super-Cushions soon. And if you're buying a new car, *specify* Goodyears.

Ask about LifeGuard Safety Tubes . . . they make a blowout harmless!



Also available in Rib Tread

Super  *cushion* by
GOOD  YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

some sweltering summer day



Perhaps the best time to become acquainted with Tampax is on a hot summer day. The difference *then* is almost startling. Here is monthly sanitary protection with no heat-dampened belt or pad—for Tampax is an *internal absorbent*. It is invisible and unfelt when in use. And O so clean!

A doctor invented Tampax to remove many of the monthly difficulties that trouble women. Since it is worn internally, there will be no bulging or chafing. Edge-lines won't show no matter how snug or sheer the clothing. *Odor can't form*... Tampax is made of long-fibered surgical cotton, firmly stitched for safety and compressed in efficient applicators. Easy to use and to change.

Are you aware that Tampax may be worn in swimming? That you can fit an average month's supply into your purse? That unfamiliar vacation circumstances will present no disposal problem? ... Don't let this summer go by without Tampax. Get it at drug store or notion counter. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—to suit individual needs. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



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The Subway Nobody Wanted

Continued from page 7

Still there were delays. The Oriole Park dispute of 1947 was typical of a score of earlier battles. In this case the TTC planned to take over the northern playground as a switching yard. Neighboring residents protested. The Star thundered into action with an avalanche of heartrending stories (DON'T TAKE OUR PARK AWAY—LITTLE GIRL, 10, LEADS PLEASE). The controversy raged for a year. This issue had no sooner been settled with a compromise which pleased no one (they used one part of the playground) than the battle scene shifted to the question of the federal grant.

Premier George Drew, supported by the Telegram, shouted that the subway wasn't eligible for Ottawa's \$10 millions. The Star took the other side and insisted the subway couldn't be built without federal help. The dispute hinged on the federal offer to subsidize public works projects started in periods of high unemployment. Was the subway a public works project? The TTC didn't wait to find out. It started digging the hole without the federal grant. It didn't need it anyway, it said.

The TTC has the necessary money because, although it's publicly owned, its surplus doesn't go into municipal coffers. Since it was set up in 1920 as a separate corporation it has retired most of its debt, paid for its rolling stock, and frugally saved up for the subway. The big hole will be financed partly by this nest egg and partly by debentures which the company will retire with subway riders' fares. Canada's first subway will also be the first in the world to be built without a dime of taxation.

The TTC has promised that the subway fare will be the same as streetcar fare and that there will be transfer privileges to and from surface lines. Present tariff is four tickets for a quarter but an increase to 10 cents a ride has been predicted.

Sign Language for Salesmen

Even when the subway got under way last September 8, to a skirl of pipes, some Torontonians still acted as if they didn't want it. Yonge St. merchants fought for a last-minute postponement and moaned that, with the street ripped up, they'd lose most of their heavy September - to - December business. They didn't, but three weeks after the subway started they were still trying to stop it. On Sept. 30, L. T. Simonsky, vice-president of the Downtown Business Men's Association, representing 700 Yonge St. merchants, told the mayor, the city council, the press, and anyone who'd listen, that the storekeepers were "convinced they are not handling the project properly, nor with regard for the suffering of Yonge St. merchants."

A good deal of this "suffering" was occasioned by the earsplitting racket of the pneumatic drills and pile drivers ("We have to use sign language to sell a customer") and the fact that all overhanging signs and canopies along the route had to be taken down during the excavation. To date, 113 signs, 10 clocks, and one fire escape have fallen victim, in spite of howls of storekeepers. "That subway is a thorn in our side!" one lamented recently. "There should be a law against it!"

Much of Toronto is still suspicious of the newfangled contraption. Most Yonge merchants, for instance, flatly

refuse to let the TTC put station entrances inside their stores. In every other subway city storekeepers clamor for entrances, considering them built-in potential customers. Though there will be entrances to the main downtown station in both Eaton's and Simpson's department stores, most entrances will be sidewalk sentry boxes.

There have been other headaches. The subway had only been under way a couple of months before one of the steam shovels took a bite out of a water main and put three feet of water in the Silver Rail's basement bar and grill, spurring one worker eight feet into the air. The bar sued for \$10,000 damage, collecting most of it in an out-of-court settlement.

This claim was paid by Lloyd's with whom the contractor has a \$5 million policy. Canadian companies refused to handle it: the amount was too big. There is no insurance held against noise and other intangibles.

Early excavation was held up for a while when the workers ran into the long-buried foundations of buildings destroyed in the great fire of 1904 which, in a two-week blaze, burned out about eight downtown blocks.

One day in late June a workman cracked a gas main with his pick and gas leaked into the basement dressing room of the State Grill. Rose Minkensky, a 20-year-old waitress, was found lying unconscious there by other café workers. She was carried to the street, where artificial respiration was applied unsuccessfully. She was then rushed to St. Michael's Hospital, where she was revived. Gas in the restaurant silently killed Joe, a pet canary in a window cage, but didn't bother diners.

But the Thing Isn't Bombproof

Merchants along the subway route still bemoan the loss of basement space. Over the years, basements and sub-basements had crept out under Yonge. Subway workers at one point found only four feet separating the basements of two large stores on opposite sides of the street. Like the tunnel from the Royal York Hotel to Union Station, across Front Street where the subway starts, these had to go. Other basements claimed by the diggers included a complete restaurant kitchen, a lunch counter, washrooms, part of a furniture store and a section of a shoe store. All these disappeared without compensation: the city had tolerated the unofficial expansion under the street only on condition that if the space was ever needed the cellars would have to go.

Downtown merchants aren't the only sufferers. Uptown residents living in the subway's path have dug in for a fight. At the uptown end it's cheaper for the TTC to purchase and wreck 432 small buildings rather than continue under Yonge. Some dozen owners have refused to sell and say they won't move until evicted by force.

With the first two sections of the subway under way Torontonians still find plenty to complain about. City controller David Balfour complained because the subway won't be atom bombproof. James S. Dempsey, MPP, complained that 40% of the 550 workers on the first section are Americans. Actually only 22 workers are Americans, but they hold two thirds of the top posts. The United Steelworkers on behalf of labor complain that watchmen were working a 72-hour week for 62½ cents an hour. The contractor denied this, saying that the maximum week was 48 hours, the minimum wage 95c. Answering complaints about accidents—there are three or four a day—the contractor blamed the "inexperience and carelessness" of Toronto laborers.

The subway has twice come close to delays through strikes involving truckers, who once circled City Hall in their trucks and threatened to picket the subway itself and call on labor for a general strike. Both disputes were resolved and delays avoided. To top it off northern mining companies have grumbled unofficially that the TTC is luring hard-rock miners from the pits with inflated wages. Contractors say the miners get \$1.20 to \$1.40 an hour—"just about what they'd make in the mines."

Montreal Bites On Its Nails

The next quarter century may drive Queen City merchants to the verge of apoplexy. For present plans call for the construction of 36 miles of subway by 1975 at an estimated total cost for tube and open cuts alone of \$155 millions. The initial section alone will be the biggest construction project in the city's history and will use enough steel to build an iron curtain around Toronto 10 feet high and half an inch thick.

The subway isn't a true tunnel. Instead, the roadway is excavated a city block at a time to a depth of 18 feet, then covered over with a deck of Douglas fir planking so that normal street traffic can resume. Meanwhile subway builders keep working away underneath to a depth of 45 feet before pouring a three-foot concrete floor, walls and ceilings.

Each block will then be torn open again, streetcar tracks ripped off, and detour signs which have been plaguing the city for a year go up while the excavation above the subway roof is

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backfilled with sand. A temporary pavement will then be poured and car tracks relaid.

Once this has been done for the entire length of the street and stations installed the whole street will again be torn apart. This time the car tracks will come out for good and the street will be again repaved.

This sort of thing will go on for 25 years throughout the whole subway program.

There is little doubt the subway is necessary if Toronto is to grow without traffic choking it to death. In the horsecar days of 1861 the speed limit was 6 mph on Yonge. The legal limit is now five times that, but actual speed of traffic in rush hour remains the same. The subway will increase the capacity of Yonge St. from 14,000 passengers an hour in one direction to 50,000, and will cut traveling time by more than half.

That Toronto has copped the honor of becoming America's fifth, and the world's 14th subway city is particularly galling to Montrealers. The Montreal Herald sent "humble and very envious salutations," while the Montreal Star headed an editorial on the subway "Happy Toronto," and

Continued on page 32



Do you know these symbols ?

(They represent four professions that guard your health)



These are "living symbols" you see pictured above. For behind them are thousands of men and women who work together every day, in large communities and small, to make and keep Canada one of the healthiest nations in the world.



Medicine

... symbolized by the Staff of Aesculapius, ancient god of healing. Great powers were attributed to him ... to cure disease, to prolong life. The serpent entwined about the staff denotes wisdom and the ability to heal.



Nursing

... symbolized by the lamp of Florence Nightingale. During the Crimean War, she introduced many hospital improvements,

including new standards of comfort and cleanliness. The profession of nursing owes much to the pioneering work of "The Lady of the Lamp."



Dentistry

... symbolized by the serpent encircled about an ancient cauterizer. The leaves and berries in the background represent the two sets of teeth, while the triangle and circle are derived from the Greek letters—delta for dentistry and omicron for *odont*, the tooth.



Pharmacy

... symbolized by Rx, an inscription that has been used on prescriptions and formulas for more than 6,000 years. It is an abbreviation of "recipe"—the Latin word for "take thou." Originally it was used as an in-

vocation to Jupiter, the lucky planet which guarded the sick. This symbol Rx appears today on physicians' prescriptions and is displayed in thousands of pharmacies throughout our country.

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Manufacturing Laboratories, Walkerville, Ontario

Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists. Since 1866 the company has been engaged continuously in a broad, active program of research, keeping pace with the constant changes and progress in medicine and surgery. Among the more than 1400 products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Antiseptics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings, and Vitamin Products.

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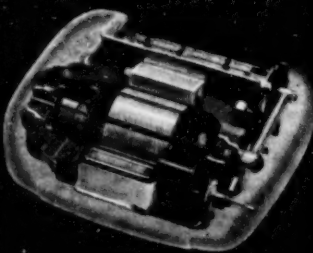


ENTIRELY NEW SHAPE
is smaller in the hand,
easier to handle

Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

If you are one of those men who believes electric shaves take too long, and won't shave a beard like yours CLOSE enough—3 minutes with the new Model "W" Sunbeam Shavemaster will change your mind. Try it and see for yourself. No beard too tough—no skin too tender. No matter what kind of beard you have—whiskers can't escape.

The ONLY electric shaver with
a powerful, armature-type,
self-starting REAL Motor



The holes that screen the Shavemaster's continuous-round head are closer together than the hairs on your face. Whether you have been blade-shaving for years, or are a young man just beginning—Shavemaster shaves closer, cleaner, more comfortably and in less time.

Shaves the neck clean, close—the new Twice-size SINGLE head has four special openings that pick up curly or longer hairs.

It is the enthusiasm of men who are already using the new Sunbeam Shavemaster that is behind the tremendous wave of Shavemaster popularity now sweeping the nation. See it at your Sunbeam dealer's. Most dealers are prepared to let men try it right in their stores.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO 9, ONT.

Continued from page 30

sighed, "The Montreal Gazette has been celebrating its 172nd birthday. We hope it will live to celebrate its 200th, coincidental with a start on the Montreal subway."

Toronto's initiative has generated a fresh wave of agitation for undergrounds in half a dozen cities. When the TTC began handing out a free, illustrated booklet aptly titled "Side-walk Superintendents' Manual, Grade 1," requests for copies poured in from all over Canada and even from as far away as South America and Africa. To date more than 60,000 copies have been circulated. A second run of twice that number is being printed.

Similar popularity greeted the "Toronto Subway Song" (See page 9), written by Mel Hamill and waxed on the London label by Ozzie Williams' band and vocalists Betty Carr and Charles Baldour (who lament on the other side of the record that they "Can't have no fun on Sunday in Toronto"). Plugged by disc jockeys across Canada and the U. S., it has been outselling Bing Crosby, Gene Autry and Spike Jones in Toronto, Montreal, Edmonton and Halifax.

The planning of Toronto's subway was not left until the city decided to build it. About 12 years ago the TTC sent its engineers to study the great underground systems of the world. They learned most from London's tube. For instance, Toronto's station platforms will be level with train doors, as in London. They learned least from Moscow's metro. The Russians wouldn't let them inspect it.

No Straps to Hang From

The actual designing took TTC Chief Engineer W. H. Paterson and an engineering staff of 100 seven years to complete. They decided on an unusual construction. In the U. S. and Europe most subways are built primarily of heavy structural steel and filled in with cement. Toronto's will be the reverse—almost solidly cement with only supporting steel rods. This type of construction is claimed to be cheaper and more efficient. For example, there will be no pillars on station platforms, thus speeding up the flow of traffic.

It will be the only subway without wooden ties under its tracks. Each track will be supported by a steel plate which, according to TTC officials, will give Toronto the world's smoothest ride. They are so sure of this that they are not even equipping their trains with hanging straps or bars.

The fleet of 90 TTC red subway cars will be the world's widest, two feet wider than the city's streetcars. They will seat 50 and stand 100, a maximum speed of 45 mph. The cars, costing \$45,000 each, will run in trains of from two to 10. On the surface, buses will replace Yonge streetcars and service points in between the 12 underground stations.

The TTC design was submitted to interested construction firms in Canada, the U. S., and England, who worked out various methods of construction, computed costs, and tendered bids. The contract for the first one and a half mile stretch went to Pitts, Johnson, Drake and Perini, a syndicate of one Canadian and three U. S. companies. There was the inevitable roar of indignation at the predominance of American firms, until the TTC revealed that the syndicate's \$10 million bid was \$6 millions lower than the nearest all-Canadian tender.

This May the Rayner Construction Co., of Leaside, Ont., won the contract for the second one and a half mile stretch with a \$7 million bid. The second section will cost less because much

of it will be an open cut right of way—in other words, hardly a subway at all.

It's estimated that the entire north-south line along Yonge, to be ready in 1953, will cost \$55 millions, including rolling stock, rails, signals and all.

The first step in building the subway is the hand-digging of trenches on each side of the street to locate water pipes and other utility feeders and to shore up any buildings that require it before the pile drivers go to work. Many pipes and conduits are not charted on any city plans and present a delicate problem. For instance, there is an old brick sewer somewhere under Queen St., near Yonge, which has been lost for 60 years. The subway builders haven't come across it yet but if they happen to find it with a steam shovel it will be a minor catastrophe as it is still in use.

A Big Bang for Debussy

Several times the big machines have sliced through telephone and hydro wires, disrupting service in the area; scores of times they have set off the underground burglar alarm system operated by the Dominion Signal Company. One night they nipped a cable and rang two alarms in Eaton's mail-order building. Police, sure that two alarms must be the real thing, rushed up in five cars with riot guns at the alert.

The project manager for Pitts, Johnson, Drake and Perini, Charles Borromeo Molineaux, a dapper little 49-year-old French-American engineer, has built eight subway sections in four cities, including New York. In his small chart-covered basement office in the downtown Victoria Building, a few steps removed from the cacophony of the subway, he's usually so busy that he has only time to brush off the inevitable complaints with an annoyed flick of a long thin hand. He is convinced that Toronto is going to have the best and cheapest subway ever built and he is equally convinced that so far all problems have been solved with a minimum of trouble, thus confounding the wisecracks.

In the evenings Molineaux likes to escape the problems and complaints by reading French books and listening to classical music. Sometimes, however, his troubles follow him to his rented home in northeastern Moore Park where he lives with his wife and three of his five children. He is an inveterate concertgoer who thinks nothing of flying to Buffalo for an evening of Wagner. He is a familiar figure at Massey Hall, home of the Toronto Symphony, impeccable in white tie and tails.

The Massey manager, Sunny Creelman, phoned Molineaux one night just as he was leaving for a concert to ask him how the bejabbers he expected the celebrities to make a grand entrance when one of the muddy old subway cranes was parked right smack in front of the hall door.

But the complaint which most embarrassed the music-loving engineer was a silent one.

It was at a Massey Hall concert of the music of his favorite composer, Debussy. Just as the soft strains were dying away there came, seemingly from directly underneath, the most frightful booming and banging. In the shocked silence that followed, friends turned to frown at Molineaux while he tried to shrink into his collar. "Must be termites!" muttered a spectator. But Molineaux knew it wasn't termites. He knew it was men pounding sheets of steel plate in the bowels of the earth, the men who were building Canada's first subway—the subway nobody wanted. ★



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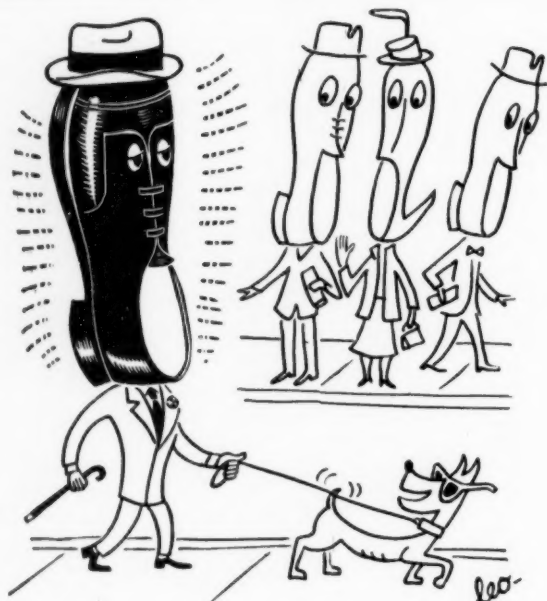
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SM-50

DID YOU **"NUGGET"** YOUR SHOES
THIS MORNING?

WIT AND WISDOM

Tightening Up—Two magistrates were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. When they arrived at court there was no other magistrate present so they decided to try each other.

No. 1 went to the bench and the case proceeded.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor."

"You will be fined five dollars."

Then they changed places, and again the plea was guilty.

"H'm," was the response. "These cases are becoming far too common. This is the second we have had this morning. You will be fined 25 dollars."—*Quebec Chronicle Telegraph.*

A Concession—Sandy was learning to play the bagpipes. One night, while he strutted about the room, skirling for all he was worth, his wife attempted a mild protest.

"That's an awfu' noise ye're making," she said.

Sandy sat down and took off his boots, then got up and resumed his piping in his stockinged feet.—*Days-land, Alta., Sun.*

Back Talk—A well-known comedian protests that he is always being told one of his stories. This seems to be a case of the tale dogging the wag.—*La Fleche, Sask., Press.*

Never Underestimate—A really sympathetic woman can listen more out of you than you ever intended telling.—*Calgary Herald.*

Hard To Get At—Parking space: A delineated area with a meter showing unexpired time, on the other side of the street.—*Victoria Colonist.*

Pull It Down With the Shade—Experiments with a "phospho" powder indicate it can be used to light rooms. It would store up daylight while the sun was out and exude it when darkness came. The stuff would be mixed in paint or building materials. Experimenters say lots of work is yet to be done. We imagine one problem is how to turn off the wall when you want to sleep.—*Sarnia Observer.*

And Life Insurance—A college education is one of the few things a person is willing to pay for and not get.—*Maritime Merchant, Halifax.*

JASPER

By Simpkins

MACLEAN'S



"But you are cubs!"

Meet Gisele in la Fleche

Continued from page 12

Lionel Barrymore and Fred Astaire. She didn't meet them. Their patter was recorded in Hollywood, hers in Toronto. But there she was, for Americans, on the same program.

So what's this Gisele like? A name must have a face.

You might catch her on a Friday night throughout the summer at the Toronto Royal Canadian Yacht Club weekly dance. Many a radio-Gisele fan would indubitably be surprised to find her behind a violin, the only girl in Bob Shuttleworth's dance band. But come the time for sea chanties, an institution at this club, and Gisele will move to the piano for her real role.

Then you'll see a tall slim girl with dark shining hair, huge smiling brown eyes, and a wide grin, in a tailored, nautically blue and white jacket dress, rattling off erratically brilliant piano accompaniment to all the old favorite chanties. Her rather small voice, magnified over the loudspeaker, will carry the same husky intimate catch she has made popular over the air waves. She has a magnetic quality of gaiety, which catches at the linked lines of dancers-turned-singers who sway to the tunes and chant with her. The applause is warm.

102 Shoes, Gossips Gasp

This is the new Gisele, you'll be told in the canteen of the CBC building on Toronto's Jarvis Street, where the artists, announcers, producers, stenographers and secretaries turn up for coffee and gossip. This, the gossips will tell you, is a far cry from "the lonely country girl who lugged her violin around the offices, dreaming of the concert stage but trying to sing for a little extra money." In actuality she never did really need the money as she was financed by her father, and the "backwoods" she comes from is Winnipeg, Canada's fourth largest city.

"She used to look a complete frump," one CBC radio artist, a girl, recalled recently. "The little girl from the country with straight hair unattractively strict. Now you never know from day to day how her hair is going to look. Up, down, sideways."

"And as for clothes!" another added. "My dear, you ought to see them. A backwoods girl gone prima donna. Silks and satins in the flashiest colors. And the rumor says she's got 51 pairs of shoes. Can you bear it?" Gisele actually has about 20 pairs.

But, according to producers, announcers and operators with whom she does her chores, the Gisele of today is the same, direct, hard-working, non-temperamental Gisele of yesterday.

They say she's easy to work with, rehearses hard, works intensely, is light-hearted and friendly. "It's like this," one producer said, "she's positive. People either think she's wonderful or that she's terrible. There are no lukewarm reactions to Gisele."

In the studio at the grand piano Gisele looks disheveled and intent. For three hours she's been rehearsing: first, from 4 to 5 for the "Song Pluggers" program, then, from 5 to 7, on "Meet Gisele," for which she picks her own songs (one of them always French) and patters from a script written by producer Dick Gluns.

Here she wears a simple black dress with a silk tartan scarf pinned by a huge brooch of a horse and carriage, a watch mounted where the windows of the carriage would be. The gaudy pin has publicity value in that one of her most popular songs—one of the four

she has recorded for commercial sales—is "Le Fiacre" (the hackney coach) and she claims this golden emblem is the very fiacre she sings about.

She uses no music. She never took lessons in piano, except early childhood ones from her mother, but she still makes her own arrangements and accompanies herself, as few singers do. She never writes down the arrangements to her songs, but memorizes them. The lyrics, though, she has typed in capitals, double spaced, and pasted on large pieces of cardboard. This is because she'll never forget the fright of her first broadcast when she went on cold, without words or music on hand, and when already on the air was swept with the horrible certainty that her memory would black out. It didn't. But she isn't taking any chances.

When Gisele's at the Mike

The cardboards, in rehearsing, she marks up with little clues for herself for inflection, timing, or even with few scribbled notes of music where she intends to make variations from the original. Her script is to the left of the microphone, the words to the songs to the right; the announcer turns the pages for her. She never takes her hands off the piano except in an emergency.

Producer Dick Gluns gives his final warning. The light flashes on in the studio. The mike is live. Gisele is on. She tosses her long tangled hair (that's how it was this particular day). Her true throaty voice picks up her key tune "J'attendrai"; the piano follows a couple of notes later; announcer John Rae comes in with his introduction.

Gisele works hard at both the singing and the talk. She has underlined in her script the words she thinks she might slur. She begins to look hotter and more disheveled—and younger. Instead of the sophisticated, calm, cosmetic-complexioned adult, she is a shiny-faced kid, trying to do her whole-hearted best.

Her pencil rolls off the top of the piano. Plop, plop, plop goes the sound over the airwaves.

"Here's your pencil, Gisele," Rae ad libs.

Not a bit fussed, though she is pretending to shoot herself through the temple with a cocked finger, Gisele answers gaily, "Thanks a lot, John." Later she says, "How dumb can I get, leaving a pencil there to roll off." Any uncalled-for noises over the air are a radio sin.

So that's today's Gisele. And where is yesterday's?

First it was a small girl in a doctor's modest home in Winnipeg, weeping bitterly when a sad song came over the radio, copying these tunes with one finger on the piano, and later settling to learning the scales with her mother, a former pianist and concert singer in Quebec City.

A Start With Church Socials

Her parents watched with complete delight her obvious musical tendencies. Dr. La Fleche had been one of a family of 10. His father had died a month before the last of the children was born, and, though his desire was for a career as a concert violinist, this was hopeless under the circumstances and he chose to put himself through Laval University in medicine. But every now and then he would tuck a violin under his chin and dream of what might have been. His wife, too, had given up a musical career to get married early.

Young Gisele, their second daughter, seemed the answer to a lost dream.



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"Petite Gisele, she is the one," said Maman. So Gisele was at lessons from 7 on. At 12 she gave her first public recital at a banquet in the Royal Alexandra, the CPR's Winnipeg hotel.

When Gisele was 14 Dr. La Flèche decided to send her to Toronto to study with the Royal Conservatory of Music's new famed violin teacher, Kathleen Parlow.

Gisele had never been away from home. Not even for a week end. Her mother brought her to Toronto and left her, two days later, with her lessons arranged for, in a small mustard-

colored room in a Catholic girls' residence. Gisele had no sense of direction; she would get lost countless times in the strange city. She was shy, scared, homesick, unable to push herself into making friends, and utterly miserable.

"Sometimes," Gisele of today recalls, "I was so sorry for myself I would imagine myself an orphan and tears would start streaking down my cheeks. I felt I'd been cut off from the world. If anyone even looked at me I would start crying. I still hate change and strange cities and travel, probably because of this."

Occasionally in the residence she would play and sing for the other girls, all of them much older than herself, students, teachers, stenographers, shop-girls. Sometimes, because of her amusing miming, one of them would ask her to play to a church group, or at young people's gatherings. The kid from Winnipeg was always a hit.

By the second year, and for the rest of her Conservatory stay, Gisele got scholarships. Work piled up, violin lessons, much practicing, harmony, counterpoint, quartettes, concerts, composition, and often a trek, alone

mostly, to listen to the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Little by little she made few friends. She played at canteens now—war was in full swing. Once she was taken to H.M.C.S. York, the Toronto naval barracks, to a party.

A dark-haired good-looking man was gaily pounding the piano. "Hey, Shuttleworth," Gisele's friend said, "get off that bench. We've got a girl here who can play and sing."

Bob Shuttleworth, a band leader turned Navy man, listened. "Boy, have I been away that long!" he said. "Where'd she come from?"

"Where do you sing?" he asked Gisele.

"I don't," she said. "I study the violin."

Bob laughed. So she was a humorist too.

About six months later Shuttleworth, now back with his band, had been hired for the summer at the Glenmount Hotel, on the Lake of Bays, an Ontario vacation spot. He had other appointments to keep, too, and needed someone who could play the piano when he was away. The hotel manager recommended Gisele, a girl who sang, and played both the violin and the piano.

So chance brought Gisele and Shuttleworth together again and this time they joined forces. Shuttleworth became her manager.

Shore, Kirsten—and Gisele

That engagement ushered in the entertainer and tolled out the concert violinist, though Gisele did stick out her last year at the Conservatory. She attracted so much attention that summer that Shuttleworth arranged for a CBC audition for her when they came back to Toronto in the fall and later started his artists' booking agency with Gisele as his first, and star, customer.

Gisele sang the "Hong Kong Blues" for producer Jackie Rae who immediately had the audition recorded. He heard her play the violin too. Recommending her to Harry Boyle, director of the Trans-Canada Network, Rae said earnestly, "She's very, very hot, Harry." Within a week Gisele was singing and playing "Meet Gisele," her weekly program now four years old; and before the month was out she was appearing in three shows.

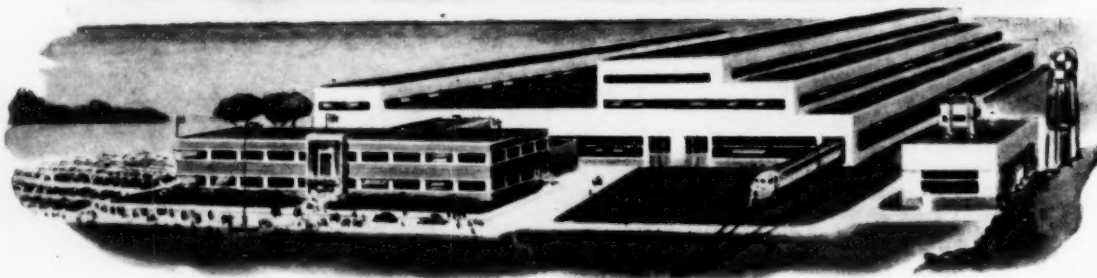
That was the beginning of a career that now includes such plums as her last July 9th appearance with Percy Faith (replacing the Charlie McCarthy show) over CBS from New York—one of the most important American invitations ever given a Canadian radio artist. Faith had heard her sing at Winston's restaurant in Toronto last December and he started her during a series which included such guest artists as Dinah Shore and Dorothy Kirsten.

While in New York Gisele sat at Spivy's Roof one hot big-city night and listened to an offer from an American agent to sing at the Blue Angel, a night club. "Oh, no," said Gisele, wiping her perspiring brow, "all I want to do is go home." She has had offers from Buffalo night clubs also, and the Normandy Roof of Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel recently offered her an engagement for \$400 a week.

Manager Shuttleworth turned it down. "The price is \$500," he said, "or no Gisele in La Flèche." A week later a contract for two weeks, \$500 a week, from the Mount Royal turned up in Shuttleworth's mail.

Gisele has made a small movie for the National Film Board and another, "Canadian Cameo," for Associated Screen News; in the latter she sings in costume her popular "Le Fiacre." The

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The building of this exclusive Diesel Locomotive plant was carried out in the record time of 310 days. As each bay of the plant was completed, work on the first locomotives was carried on. After the official plant opening, August 11th, visitors had a first hand opportunity to see these locomotives being built; a 1500 H.P. FP-7 Freight locomotive for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a 1500 H.P. GP-7 Road Switching locomotive for the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway. The establishment of this General Motors Diesel Limited plant at London means employment for more than 1,000 Canadians, and General Motors large purchases of equipment and supplies extend directly to a host of Canadian companies.

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knowing say that there may be a brand-new field for the versatile singer, for she photographs well and acts with natural ease.

Gisèle looks thoughtful even now when she remembers the days she was trying to make up her mind—violin or the radio? In 1946, her last year at the Conservatory, she probably worked harder than she ever has before or ever will again. She was now in the senior school where admittance is only by scholarship. Besides her lectures, lessons, homework, practice for her own final recital, for quartette and symphony work, she was also rehearsing and performing over the CBC and playing in Shuttleworth's band.

One Chance in a Million

"By the end of the year," she says, "I was so exhausted I broke out in huge boils, one under my left arm so I couldn't even hold my violin and so couldn't play my graduation recital."

"You're killing yourself," Bob said to me. "You'll have to make up your mind what you really want to do."

Then one Friday night after the band's engagement at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, the players stopped at a Bloor Street bistro for a midnight snack. Her \$2,000 violin, a present from her parents, was left in the locked car. When they came out in half an hour it had been stolen.

"Somehow," Gisèle says, "that made the matter of choice seem immediate to me. I knew my parents would die if I didn't continue with the violin. But I'd never been so completely fired with concert-ambition for me as they had. I wanted to always have something to do with music, but I had no illusions about the prospects of a violinist, a girl

at that. There was only one chance in a million I'd get to the top. The best that could happen was that I might be able to teach at the Conservatory for a small salary, or get a job in the second fiddles in the Toronto Symphony or the CBC Symphony. Even with money and influence girl violinists just don't get there. And I had neither.

"On the other hand," she continues, "I'd fallen in love with radio. This was creative work, too, and it was fun. I could make my own terms with music and singing and now I wanted to do them. And, of course, I could make a lot more money."

So Gisèle LaFlèche of today has moved away from Rosary Hall, the Catholic girls' residence, and lives in a swank up-town apartment house which boasts a swimming pool. Her living room, which she calls "Chinese," is furnished with bright red brocade couches and pale blue satin pillows. The walls are pearl grey, hung with Chinese brass plaques and Oriental prints. Two budgie birds, Kiki and Koko, flutter about on clipped wings.

Her dinette-kitchen has an oaken table against a wall decorated with Mexican prints, and her main hobby, cooking, centres here. She makes most of her own meals, entertains her friends at home by preference.

"Now this is my life, my own life," she says. "Everything I buy, everything I do I have earned. I appreciate it like that. This choice was right for me."

As for the future there might be anything in store for Gisèle from films to engagements in the great cities of the world. There is plenty of time ahead. Only one thing is certain. Her career as a concert violinist is as lost as the stolen violin. ★

FIVE O'CLOCK SPECIAL

Tonight the race is to the swift:

I thumb my nose at train and trolley.

A neighbor's offered me a lift—

I'm driving, homeward bound, with Wally.

Expect me, darling, on the dot

And have that juicy sirloin grilled.

We're just about to leave the lot

As soon as Wally's tank is filled.

As soon, that is, as Wally's paid

A towing bill that's overdue,

And hailed a friend he hasn't laid

A peeper on since '42.

A call on Wally's brother, Jack,

May mean, perhaps, a slight delay.

We'll stow the play-pen in the back

And speedily be on our way.

We drop the play-pen off at Chuck's,

Pick up a keg of nails, and then

Drop in for Wally's nephew's tux,

And hasten onward once again.

He pauses at the corner store

But I can sprint the final block,

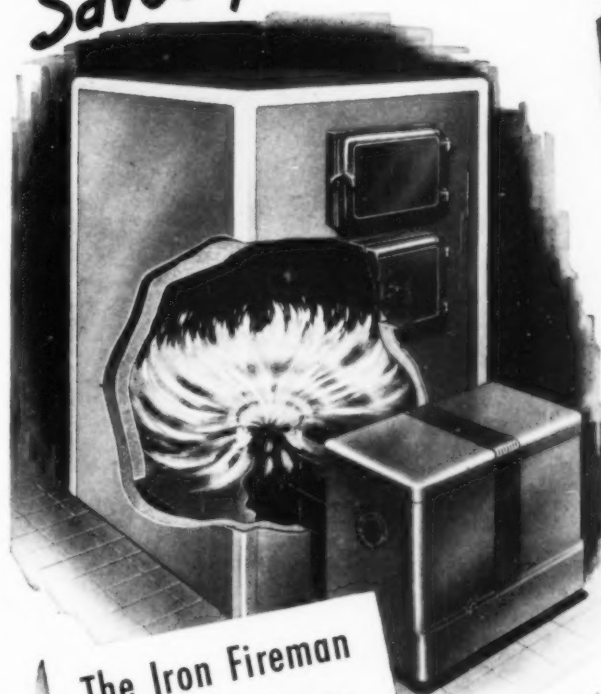
So when I hurtle through my door

It's scarcely after eight o'clock.

—P. J. Blackwell.

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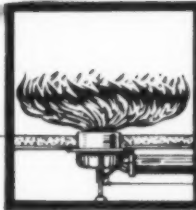
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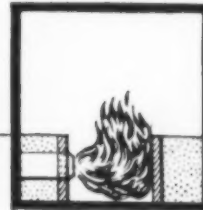
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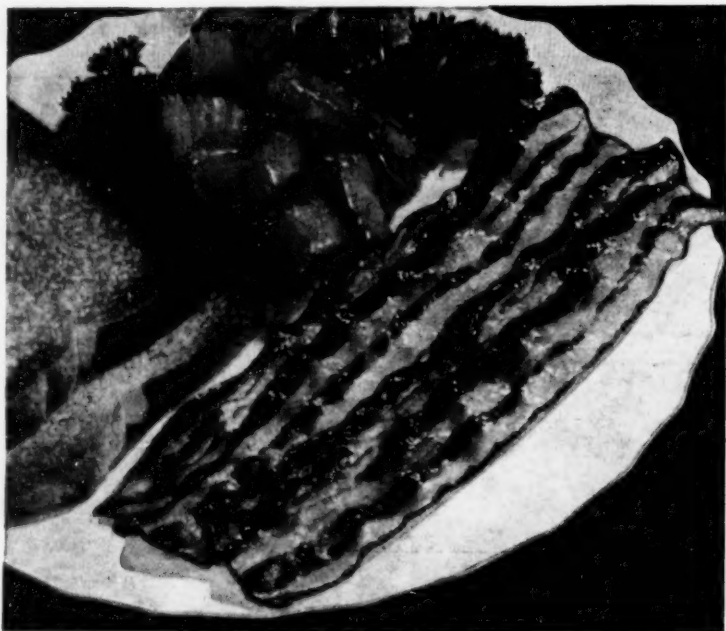
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Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!



Some Violets Don't Shrink

Continued from page 11

magnificent ramifications, but at that time I was unaware of the difference.

ON THIS particular afternoon, which even now I remember so well, it was just 12 days to our school's annual spring dance. From 10 days to two weeks was considered a respectable period of grace in which to ask a girl for a date for this dance. If a boy asked a girl and gave her more than two weeks' notice, he either asked her because he knew she would refuse and he wanted plenty of time to ask another girl, or he was afraid some other fellow was going to ask her first, or he just wasn't sure of himself all the way around.

No matter how you looked at it, a boy lost face by giving a girl more than two weeks. In the same way, a girl could not very well accept an invitation on less than 10 days' notice. Calling a girl a week or eight or nine days before the dance was just like saying you had been turned down every place else and you had been saving her for last, or you didn't care particularly whether she went with you or not.

Mostly it was all cut and dried, because couples who had been paired off together all season long knew they would go with one another, and immensely popular girls like Sybil, who preferred to free-lance, knew they would pick the most promising of the dozen or so invitations they would get, and fellows like myself, with no steady girls, and little likelihood of being chosen by one of the most sought after girls, usually went stag.

Of course, I didn't realize all this then. At that time, as I have said, I felt that there was nothing I could not do. So getting back to this particular afternoon of the twelfth day before the spring dance, I think if records are kept anywhere of beautiful days, that one stands out as a world beater.

I don't mean on a weatherman's chart, where the temperature and the humidity are supposed to establish some kind of a mean. I mean if there were some way of recording a day's emotional content that this one would stand out.

It was the kind of spring day, it seemed to me then, where you can not only breathe and feel the goodness in the air, you can taste it and smell it and walk on it and smile back at it and grasp it in your fingers and roll it in your palms.

So you understand now that on such a day I was walking home from school with Sybil Bostwick, and there were 12 days to go to the spring dance. And you understand how I felt then, that someone had built the world just for me to walk through in the spring and have a good time in, and that this was good and right and just.

And there was nobody I was trying to impress.

I had chosen this twelfth day in advance to ask Sybil to go to the dance with me, simply out of deference to her. Feeling as confident as I did, it had never occurred to me that there would ever be something I wanted that I couldn't have.

With this kind of an attitude, I certainly couldn't ask her the full two weeks in advance. Somehow I felt that would be lowering myself. But here we had been walking home from school together all year every day for practically five full blocks, and there were all those things between us that two people will have in similar circumstances.

What I mean is somewhat hazy to me now, but I was positive then that

there was some relationship in our association, and I could have described it perfectly. Sybil was a handsome girl with black hair and ringlets that jostled against each side of her forehead as she walked, and sea-blue eyes that used to give me an odd, painful feeling whenever she turned them on me.

I wanted to fight somebody, or shout or jump, or run down the street and race back to her like a puppy dog. The peculiar thing about this effect was that it so numbed me, I never quite realized all I really wanted to do, when she looked at me, was to take her in my arms and kiss her and stroke the ringlets out of her eyes.

Anyway, feeling that way about her, I didn't want to make her wait until just 10 days before the dance. I wanted her to know I cared for her in a sort of special way, even above merely asking her to go with me.

So that was why I picked this particular day.

I CAME up alongside of her, panting a little, and she turned her eyes on me apathetically. You understand that I am reconstructing all this, to the best of my recollection, exactly as it happened, but when I understand something that happened then in a better light, as of now, I am giving you the benefit of this present-day understanding.

But mostly, this is just the way that it happened. I am not making it up as I go along. So when I say now that she looked at me apathetically, that is something I have divined at this date.

Then, on that day of magic, I was just as sure it was something like love in her eyes. Anyway, being that I was panting from having walked that last half block so fast, and being that it was difficult for me to speak when she looked at me that way, it was another half block before I could say anything.

I was in no hurry, and there was nobody I wanted to impress. We still had four blocks to go.

I usually trusted my instinct in these situations. I don't believe I had ever before consciously thought out approaches to opening a conversation. But in this half block of stony silence I found myself trying and discarding opening lines.

"Gonna be some dance this year." The general approach.

"Made any date for the dance?" The wary approach.

"How's about you and me for the dance?" The direct approach.

Unwittingly, as soon as my breath came back, I blurted out something that sounded like, "Ulp."

Sybil looked at me and frowned. "What?"

"What what?"

"Didn't you say something?"

"I didn't say anything. What would I say?"

"I don't know, it just sounded as though you said something."

When we got that off our chests, there were just three blocks to go, and we were closing fast. There was a tacit understanding about when we reached the porch of her house. She would go up the steps and call, "Good night."

I would then say either, "So long," or "See you tomorrow," or something like that. We had it pretty well systematized. So I knew there would be no dallying when we got to her porch. I had to do it in these next three blocks.

"I've been thinking about the dance..." I could feel the cold water over my head as I took the plunge. "I want to take you to the dance, Sybil." I just kept walking and turned to gaze at her fondly and give her the benefit of my personality.

It was when I had turned and there

was no one at my side, Sybil having completely disappeared, that I first thought to look back. Evidently she was so shocked at my asking her that she had stopped short and was now standing still several steps to my rear.

As we had never before so much as lost a footstep in our journeys home, for some reason her stopping now pleased me. I chose to interpret it as a sign in my favor.

Sybil pulled herself together then and we continued at a brisk pace. "I think Eddie Conners is taking me," she said.

"What do you mean, you *think* Eddie Conners is taking you?"

"Well, he's probably waiting for the last minute, but he's going to ask me all right."

I was stunned. If it were not for the fact that Sybil kept walking relentlessly, I would have wanted to stagger around a bit. Eddie Conners wasn't anybody at all. He wasn't on the football team any more than I was. He wasn't even as tall as I was, or at the most, he was maybe an inch or so taller than I was.

"You mean that he hasn't even asked you yet, and I have asked you already, and you are going to wait for him to ask you anyway?"

I was wondering whether Sybil didn't belong in some sort of institution. "He'll ask me all right." She was evading the question.

"Well, suppose he doesn't ask you at all? Will you go with me then?"

We were at her porch by this time and she ran up the stairs a little faster than usual. "You better get some other girl. I'll see you tomorrow."

WHEN she was gone, I realized her last line was meant to be a concession. Instead of just saying good night she was telling me she would see me tomorrow. Actually, she was sort of looking forward to seeing me tomorrow.

I was still stricken. She would rather have a chance to accept Eddie Conners, if and when he asked her, than have a sure thing in me.

I also understood that from now on it must be different between us. How would it be? Would I lag behind her for those five blocks purposely, from now on, to avoid walking with her? Would we ever speak again?

It was still a beautiful day, but my whole life, my whole proper little niche, all of my tomorrows, were unsettled.

I didn't let it throw me right away. Sybil was about the only girl in school I had ever spoken to away from school. She was the only one, really, whom I could logically ask to go with me.

But I figured there were at least a dozen girls I could ask. There wasn't anything, or at least there wasn't anything very much, that I couldn't do if I set my mind to it.

It was too early to try out for the football team, but the baseball team was working out every day. That next afternoon I avoided the problem of walking home with Sybil. I tried out for the baseball team.

"You're awfully little," the coach said.

"Little!" I shouted at him. "Me little!" I thought he was crazy.

He gave me a bat and told me to hit a few. One of the substitutes on the team threw them in to me. I didn't like baseball. I'd never played baseball. I knew I could do it all right, I'd just never put my mind to it before.

I didn't even swing at the first two balls the substitute threw in. I can't say that I know this for certain, but I have an idea now that they came perfectly straight across the plate, about waist-high.

I let them go past me, to thud

against the wire backstop. "Get them over," I called out to the substitute. "You afraid to throw me one I can hit?"

I swung at his third pitch. I brought the bat away around from behind my shoulders, and swung out straight in a beautiful rhythmical swing, and I followed through on the stroke at the ball, and I remember thinking in that second that no one had ever hit a baseball this far.

They probably would never find this ball again. I would drive it out past the city dump.

Then I heard another thud, and I looked down and the ball had gone past me, into the backstop. I hadn't touched it at all. The coach wasn't even watching any more, and the substitute had stalked off the mound.

I didn't care any more, because I knew I could hit a baseball farther than anyone else in the world, but I wasn't going to beg them to let me show them. I didn't even care about playing baseball. There was nobody I wanted to impress.

I knew I was going to that spring dance, all right, and I wasn't going stag, either. The next afternoon I didn't walk with Sybil. I didn't mean to punish her, but I just had other things to do.

I had to hire a tuxedo for the dance. Some very few of the fellows had their own tuxedos, and most of the fellows used their dad's tuxedos, but for the others there was only one place in town that rented tuxedos.

IT WAS a place called "SAM'S—EXPERT TAILORING—TUXEDOS FOR HIRE," run by an old man everybody called Sam. I don't think anyone ever knew his last name. He always talked to you with pins in his mouth, and there was always a piece of white chalk in his hand.

When I told him what I wanted, he looked at me kind of funny. "You're so little, I don't think I can fit you. Unless I take in a pair of pants for you, maybe."

I'd never realized until then that Sam was a little out of his mind, practically a maniac. "Little!" I shouted at him. "Me little!" I stomped around the shop, which smelled of the big steam presser, and I wanted to throw something.

"I'll show you," Sam said. He held a pair of pants up to my waist. "This is the smallest I got." The pants drooped down over my shoe tops. "Also," Sam added, "I will have to do some work on the coat, so you can bring out from the sleeves your arms. This will cost a little extra."

I was in a bad humor when I left Sam's.

The next day I just didn't happen to see Sybil after school because I had something very important to do. I had to order a corsage for the night of the dance. Miss Reed, the florist, asked me, "To whom shall I send it?"

"I'll let you know," I said. Actually, I didn't have the slightest idea, but I was sure I could ask any number of girls to go with me.

"What do you mean, you'll let me know?" Miss Reed asked.

"I'm not sure yet. I'll check on it. You just have it ready. I'll let you know all right."

Miss Reed set her lips like she disapproved, but I didn't care. I wasn't trying to impress Miss Reed.

So the way that it was after that, I was all set. I had everything I needed. All the arrangements made. There remained just the very simple matter of inviting any one of dozens of girls to go with me.

This simple matter, of course, was the nub. The very core. The baseball



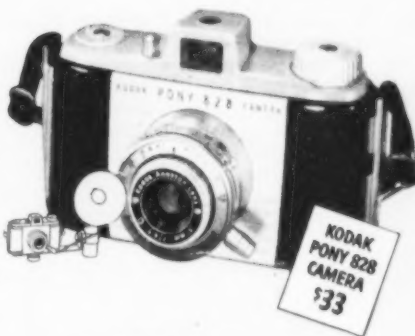
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THE Windsor
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was really unimportant. I could play the silly game or not. There was nothing I could not do if I set my mind to it.

As for the tuxedo, it was not my fault about Sam. The man was making a living. In his hands a needle and thread were a pair of sheep shears, but the man was supporting himself. He wasn't a public charge.

And Miss Reed, too, probably had years of useful service before her. That she chose to become a florist, rather than a butcher's wife, was her own flight of fancy. To me, none of all that mattered.

But my getting a girl for the dance was different. This I had to give everything I had. So the next day I did not walk home with Sybil, either. I walked home with Marjorie Hatch.

When a fellow asked a girl to the dance, who was in a lower form than he was, he usually took the attitude that he couldn't stand any of the girls in his own form, and besides, this particular girl he was taking was going to develop into a raving beauty in another year anyway, and he was just reserving her.

Marjorie Hatch, of course, was in a lower form than I was. She was much shorter than I was, too. We had never spoken to each other outside of school before, but I knew there wasn't anything I couldn't do if I set my mind to it, so I asked her to go to the dance with me.

She was stunned at first, but in a different way than Sybil, and then she said it was all right with her, but I'd have to ask her father. "What do you want me to ask him for? I don't expect him to come with us." I was annoyed at these small details that kept popping up and getting in my way.

"I've never been out with a boy before, and if you want me to go with you, you'll just have to ask poppa first."

Marjorie Hatch was about 15, a gangling sort of girl, with a round prim face. She had blond hair, however, and the reason I'd chosen her was that from the back, just seeing her hair, a person might have thought she'd be pretty.

There were dozens of other girls I could have taken, but I told Marjorie I would call on her father that evening. One girl was a lot like another and there was no one I wanted to impress.

Mr. Hatch, who by his own description was a minister but a broad-minded minister, seated me in a straight-backed chair across the way from him. This was in the Hatch living room, and Mr. Hatch sprawled back in an easy chair, with his hands sort of fondling his middle, the finger tips pressed against each other like we were getting ready for evening prayer.

There was a small end table alongside his chair with a family Bible on it. On the great couch, at right angles to us, sat Mrs. Hatch, a prayer book in one hand and Marjorie's hand in the other. Marjorie sat stiffly, with her head bowed and her eyes glazed. There were three cushions to this couch, and the two Mrs. Hatch and Marjorie occupied were sunk down, but the third one at the end of the couch was puffed up and forbidding, like there was a rope across it and it was waiting to bite anybody who tried to sit down on it.

"I believe devoutly, as does Mrs. Hatch, in young people having a good time," the minister said.

I was not impressed, but I wanted to give him every chance.

"Healthy pursuits," he continued, "are vital to the molding of young minds."

"Sure," I said. "Sure." I certainly wished Marjorie would say something.

Mr. Hatch sprang out of his seat

then, scaring me so badly that I almost toppled the straight chair over backward. "Just where do you wish to take my daughter?" he demanded. I realize now that he was a kindly man, who carried his pulpit about with him willy-nilly, but it was certainly hard on me at the time.

"It's only a dance!" I yelled at him. "The whole school's going, and all everybody's gonna do is dance!" I was shaking a good bit, and Mrs. Hatch got up and patted me on the shoulder.

Mr. Hatch smiled at me then, and I guessed everything was all right. "Now that we've settled that," Mr. Hatch spoke to Marjorie, but he sort of grinned sideways at me, "Marjorie, dear, perhaps you'd like to ask your young friend to stay and pray with us awhile."

Marjorie gave a short snicker and Mrs. Hatch beamed and passed out the prayer books and there we were. The minister pressed something in the wall and an organ popped out, and with absolutely no prearranged signals of any kind they started singing "God will watch o'er thee, o'er all the way, through all the day."

Mrs. Hatch had a harmless voice, deep for a woman, and her husband's was ruggedly restrained, not bothering you too much the way it was, but planting in the back of your mind the idea that he could go off at any time and deafen you with a well-placed note.

But that Marjorie. She was a quiet girl, almost belligerently constrained, if you can imagine such a thing, and I guess all her life, all her energies had been poured into that one channel, the family evening prayer meetings. From hearing her bellow "Ruler of the storm was He, on the raging Galilee," I was amazed that she had strength every day to get back and forth to school.

I was amazed that we all hadn't heard her every night all these years at my house, which was only a half mile or so away.

When I left, Marjorie squeezed my hand, and her palm was all sticky and moist. Mrs. Hatch kissed me on my hair and the minister gave me a prayer book for my very own. They were kind and decent people, the Hatches, and I often wonder what became of them.

I do not include Marjorie in this, because I know pretty well what must have happened to her. I imagine she was confined shortly after reaching adulthood, as a public menace because of what she would do to people's ears, once she was turned loose.

She was turned loose the night of the dance all right; though for a while she was fairly quiet. For a short time nobody even noticed us. Eddie Conners was there with Sybil, and you'd have thought everybody would scream at the way his tuxedo fit, his legs being barely able to reach the ground, but none of them noticed.

EACH couple was something of a separate little island. Marjorie and I were a desert island. We only danced in one small corner, and I kept her with her face to the wall for as long as I could. We made a sort of tableau, I figured, and anybody that did happen to notice would just see me, and the back of the head of what might have been a pretty blonde.

I was safe as long as Marjorie stayed by the wall.

"Where'd you learn to dance?" she asked me once.

"I taught myself."

She said, "Oh," and for some reason I resented her tone.

I still think everything would have gone along fairly well. I figured to make sure Sybil saw me a few times, and every time she and Eddie danced past us I nestled down against

Marjorie, covering her face, and running my fingers through her hair.

I couldn't be sure whether Sybil noticed or not, but one time Eddie Conners traced the trail of my fingers with his eyes, and I told myself he looked hungry.

But then somebody got them to singing. It was getting late and everyone was having a wonderful time, and they turned the lights down low, and then somebody started singing. They went from one song to another. Sentimental songs.

"Let me Call You Sweetheart." Things like that. Marjorie took off very slowly at first. Just a mild hum. I nudged her. "Down, Marjorie," I snapped. The response was good, and she piped down and gave no sign of wanting to leave our corner.

Then she got to mumbling the words. "My Darling." "It's Only A Paper Moon." "Japanese Sandman." She started very softly. "Okay if you'll keep it quiet," I whispered.

I was living dangerously. I was playing with a short fuse around a 16-inch cannon. "They're singing," she croaked. Our corner couldn't hold her for long.

There were some things I couldn't do, all right. I couldn't shrink up and vanish like a puff of smoke. I couldn't put a bullet through my brain.

"Okay," I said. "Get in there," I said. "Give it everything you've got."

She looked up at me funny like, the way a puppy looks when you take off his leash in the park, and I knew they were going to get it good. There wasn't anything I couldn't do if I put my mind to it, and I guess my girl made the most noise at that dance, all right.

She dragged me right out with her, onto the centre of the floor. I had to stand next to her, while she clenched my hand in her grubby little fist, and they turned the spotlights on us, and Marjorie bellowed like a sick calf.

In the Hatch living room, with just the family and myself, it had sounded loud, but here in a large room, where the notes could get loose and stretch until they bounced against the faraway walls, the effect was stupendous.

Marjorie wasn't loud, she was an earthquake. The floor shook, and I was afraid blood might rush out of my ears. "It's Marjorie Hatch," I heard somebody say in a second that Marjorie quieted to suck in air.

"Who's that with her?" came next, and I sort of drew myself up.

They say there never was a spring dance like that one. It sounded more like a livestock show. Overnight, Marjorie Hatch became a celebrity, and everywhere people were pointing me out as the little guy who took her to the dance.

THE following Sunday, when it was rumored her father was going to let her lead the choir after his sermon, Reverend Hatch's church was filled to overflowing.

The big thing was that I could be the greatest man in the world, but that wouldn't matter to all the people in this town at all. If Marjorie hadn't torn down the house that night, they'd never even have noticed us.

Maybe at one time or another they all had the same idea about themselves. That they could be the greatest man or the greatest woman in the world.

But it really didn't matter in the long run. And I got to kiss Marjorie Hatch good night, too, my first girl on my first date and I got her to kiss me good night.

So that's why even now I sometimes figure there's nothing in this world I can't really do, so long as I put my mind to it. Until I remember Sybil Bostwick. And even then, I'm not sure. ★

Chapleau's Colossal Cracker Barrel

Continued from page 16

seductive negligees. For the home there's a complete range of furniture, draperies, lighting and plumbing fixtures, imported china and electrical appliances. A boy can buy anything from a yo-yo to his first pair of long pants. The one crowded corner of the store which handles tobaccos and candies turns in \$60,000 a year. Chewing tobacco and snuff are big sellers among the guides, trappers and bush workers who also shop at Grout's for canoes, traps, rifles, tents, packsacks, snowshoes, ammunition, gas and oil, axes, rope and the hundreds of other items needed by men in the bush.

For the tourist there are blankets, fishing tackle, cameras and dozens of souvenirs. Men can find everything in clothing from a new suit to garters, underwear, moccasins or a flying suit. Hockey sticks, baseball bats, skis and footballs are all part of the sporting goods in stock.

At the snack bar you can buy the best homemade pie in town. Bathtubs, refrigerators, lanterns, stoves, furnaces, all are on display. There's a modern record bar and radio shop and Grout says, "When the time comes I'll have the first television set for sale in town."

You can even order a new home or cottage, fully furnished and equipped. An American who ordered a cottage by mail asked that it be built on an island 30 miles out of town. When he arrived he was astounded to find the job had been done \$1,500 cheaper than he had agreed to pay. There was ice in the refrigerator, a guide on the dock, a fire in the kitchen stove and a roast cooking in the oven.

"That's how Art Grout operates," an old-timer says. "Lots of people figured he'd go broke givin' that kind of service. Instead, he's boomed a cracker-barrel trade into a fortune."

A Dozen Husbands and Wives

Today, Smith and Chapple caters to customers as far away as British Columbia and Nova Scotia. And when the Trans-Canada Highway goes through town Grout figures the whole world will pass (and often stop at) his store. In little more than 60 years it has grown from a single weather-beaten tent into a sprawling giant which by 1951 will monopolize most of Chapleau's Birch Street. For while the store does an annual business of \$1 million in a town of 2,900—a fat figure for a place 10 times the size—Grout is not satisfied. Already he has plans for a second store costing \$125,000. The new building will be directly across the street from his present store. Three hundred feet long and 60 feet deep it will house his building supplies and plumbing departments, a 32-room hotel, a service station, a showroom for Ford products, a restaurant and a furniture department.

While the business has gone modern to the extent of slicing itself into departments, each operated by its own manager and staff, it is still, at heart, just an overgrown country store. Bigness has robbed it of none of the informality which has endeared it to customers over the years. Of the 80 employees a dozen are husband-and-wife combinations. Everybody uses first names and practical jokes are a dime a dozen. As Joe Grenier puts it, "Most of us would rather crawl to work than miss the fun."

M-Day at the store is a good illustration of what Grenier means. On that occasion, at a prearranged signal, male

members of the staff dropped mice into containers of the cash carrier system. A near riot broke out when girls in the cashier's office opened the containers and the mice jumped out.

"But they got even," Grenier recalls. "After that they refused to handle the cash carriers and we had to walk upstairs with the cash from every sale."

The store itself is anything but flashy—no gleaming chrome or fancy glass. No neon sign, just big red cut-out letters on a plain black-painted front. There's not an elevator or escalator in the place. It's a maze of aisles, counters, stairs and connecting doors. The \$250,000 stock is stacked on shelves from floor to ceiling or piled in a basement. At one time the store had its own powder magazine.

Strangers are amazed at the variety of activities undertaken by Smith and Chapple. The store publishes its own newspaper, manufactures cement blocks, runs a funeral chapel and undertaking parlor. It operates its own four-passenger airplane, has a string of tourist cabins and outpost camps and wholesales building supplies, lumber and a dozen other lines.

"We build houses," says Grout, "tend furnaces, hook up hydro services, sell flowers and fast-freeze foods. We employ an optometrist, carpenters, tinsmiths, electricians, plumbers, decorators and mechanics."

The Founder Got Religion

There's no Smith and no Chapple in Smith and Chapple's now, nor did either Smith or Chapple start the business. The thing got under way in September, 1885, when T. Albert Austin brought his merchandise into the primitive rail siding of Chapleau by packsack and pitched a tent. He stuck out a 50-below winter, battled with the black flies, and two years later, in partnership with his brother Jim, built a two-story white frame store. A lean-to housed the town barber.

Richard Brownlee, the town's first barber and now, at 82, its last living link with the past, says: "I watched them drive the first nail in the Austin store. I said then I'd still be around when it was large enough for an elevator to the fifth floor."

T. Albert Austin (just Ab to the boys) got religion in 1889, went off to be a minister. Jim Austin started to prosper with a lumber sideline and in 1902 sold the store to two North Bay merchants, R. A. Beamish and Stewart Smith.

The second half of the firm's name went up in front when Beamish sold in 1906 to V. T. Chapple. When Chapple retired in 1930, Art Grout and D. O. Payette bought the business. Payette pulled out last year and Grout had the thing to himself. He immediately fixed the line of succession by making Payette's stock available to six of his department heads, who, for a nominal down payment, got a 50% interest. The principal is being retired out of profits.

Grout is philosophical about this generous deal. "I have no children," he explains, "and I don't intend to work forever. When I quit the business will go to people who helped build it. Meanwhile, they work on a salary the same as always." Actually all employees share in the company's profits. Each year a certificate worth \$300 a year and bearing 5% interest is issued to each man and woman.

The greatest single force behind the store's growth seems to have been V. T. Chapple. He was a tall dignified man who liked to chew tobacco when he thought no one was looking. Grout says Chapple had a great sense of humor.

Grout once saw somebody bent over



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tired, slow-rising yeast! No more yeast in the icebox! New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps all its potency till the very moment you use it.

Now see how easy yeast baking can be. See what grand results! Get a dozen packages of Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast—it keeps in your cupboard!

SUMPTUOUS SWEET-FILLED BRAID (Makes 2 large braids)

Scald
¾ cup milk
¼ cup granulated sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons shortening
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and
1 well-beaten egg

Stir in
2 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in
2¼ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.

While dough is rising, combine
1 slightly-beaten egg
2 tablespoons cream
¾ teaspoon vanilla
1¼ cups brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
¼ cup sifted dry bread crumbs
1 cup finely-chopped filberts
½ cup chopped candied peel

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

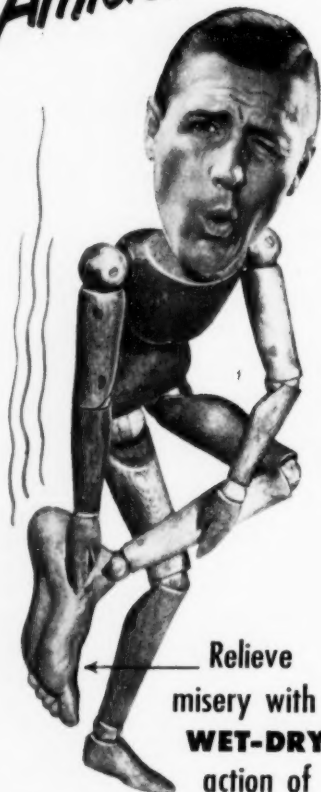
piece into an oblong 10 inches long and 2 inches wide; loosen dough. Spread each oblong with

2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine

and spread with the filbert mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece, jelly-roll fashion; seal edges and ends. Roll out into oblongs 12 inches long and 6 inches wide; loosen dough. Cut each oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braids. Place on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 25 minutes. Cool. Fill crevices of braids with thick jam or butterscotch cream filling; frost with confectioners' icing and sprinkle with coarsely-chopped filberts.



Oh! my Athlete's Foot!



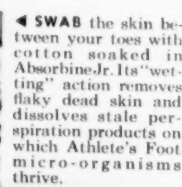
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• When Athlete's Foot torture strikes—use famous Absorbine Jr. quick! Its "Wet-Dry" action helps heal raw, itchy open cracks and promote regrowth of a smooth unbroken skin-barrier against reinfection! Yes, Absorbine Jr. is America's No. 1 Athlete's Foot stand-by!



Pour on Absorbine Jr. Its "drying" and fungicidal action inhibits growth of all the infecting fungi it can reach. Get time-proved Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold... \$1.25 a bottle... Introductory Size 15¢.



Ah, my Absorbine Jr.

W. F. Young, Inc.,
Lyman House, Montreal.



a carton of refuse, thought it was a leadwinging clerk, dealt out a thwacking blow with a broom. The man tumbled head first into the carton. It was Chapple.

Instead of firing this young clerk, Chapple climbed out of the carton and announced coolly, "I must thank you, Grout, for making it possible for me to get such a good look at what's in that box."

D. O. Payette credits Chapple with launching a policy that earned for the business the title of "Canada's Biggest Small-Town Store." Old pine flooring and acetylene lamps were replaced with modern fixtures. Walls were knocked out to make way for grocery, hardware and men's wear departments.

On Saturday nights Chapple liked to sneak outside for a chew. There, in an alley between the store and a warehouse, he'd walk up and down, hands clasped behind his back, chewing and spitting comfortably. One night Grout, then a junior clerk, barged into the alleyway and knocked his boss into a mud puddle.

"He sat there for a moment," Grout remembers, "wiping off his face. Then he spit out his tobacco and said, 'Well, Grout, it's a pleasure to see you moving so fast for a change.'"

He Undertook to Undertake

Grout has alert blue eyes and a quick grin. His dark greying hair is short cut and combed back. He's taking on flesh under the chin, has a slight paunch, but his clean-shaven face is unlined. He doesn't smoke or drink, is president of the Board of Trade, a town councilor and head of the Progressive Conservative Association.

When bored, he has been known to burn a house down. In 1930 Grout bought a whole town—roundhouse, bunkhouses, stables, barns, haysheds and 50 houses—all for \$100. "We intended to salvage the lumber in the buildings," he grins, "but occasionally when things got dull we'd burn a house down just for the hell of it."

By his own admission he is a stubborn man. Earle (Suzie) Sootheran, for 30 years jeweler and optometrist on the Smith and Chapple staff, tells about a time Grout fell out of a boat. "He had the anchor in his hands and he was still holding onto it when he hit bottom. Just too damned stubborn to let go."

Nothing annoys Grout more than young people who complain about a lack of opportunity in Canada. "They should get the lead out of their pants!" he says.

Fourteen years ago he married Nettie Herner, a store cashier who started with Smith and Chapple the day after he did. She is secretary-treasurer of the company.

Art Grout was born in Worcester, Mass., taken to England when he was 4, came to Chapleau when his father decided to homestead in the West. At 14 Art started in with Smith and Chapple. After a term as messenger and clerk he was promoted to undertaker's assistant. He quit the same day.

His first customer was a soldier who had fallen under a train. Grout took one look at him, laid out with his head tucked in the crook of his arm, and ran all the way home. Next day he was back selling hardware.

He is a notorious practical joker. He almost went to jail once for dumping snow off the store roof onto the town constable, who had just arrested two men. The prisoners escaped.

"The constable tried to get up on the roof through a skylight and I kept dumping snow on him," Grout recalls. "Finally, he sat 'o' to outwait me. It

got dark and cold and I was ready to give up when Chapple signaled me down another skylight and sneaked me out of the store. Next day he squared things with the law."

Grout claims that during his training as a salesman he walked every mile of track between Chapleau and White River (136 miles), soliciting business from sectionmen, trappers and bush workers.

He Tied Himself to a Sleigh

While out on a selling jaunt on a hand-operated rail speeder Grout took off all his clothes to enjoy the summer sun. Suddenly a whistle shrieked behind him and a CPR transcontinental loomed. Frantically he pulled the speeder off the rails.

"I didn't have a stitch on," he says, "and as I sprinted madly for the nearest bush 50 yards away women in the observation car gave me quite a razzing."

Grout sold the first electric washing machine in Chapleau and remembers how suspicious housewives were of the new gadgets. One Scottish woman refused to let a machine in her house after her husband bought it and it stood on her veranda for two weeks. Indians were fascinated by the

washers. Two of them came into the store one day and said they wanted to buy one. Grout explained that it operated on electricity and they couldn't use it. "Want anyhow," one Indian announced solemnly.

"They paid cash," Grout remembers. "The last I saw of that washer it was headed down the lake lashed atop two canoes."

When 1,000 men were fighting a disastrous forest fire in the Chapleau district in 1948 Smith and Chapple loaned dishes, tarps, packsacks, axes, 85 tents and 30 canoes—all taken out of stock. The store stands ready on 10 minutes' notice to deliver emergency kits in the event of a wreck on the CPR. And when a midwinter fire seriously damaged the CPR's Chapleau roundhouse Grout's staff worked night and day for 72 hours to keep trains running on time.

Says Fred Depew, of the YMCA: "Grout took pumps out of stock to pump the turntable dry and keep it from freezing." And by the time CPR officials were wondering where they could get lumber to repair the damage Grout had a carload waiting for them on a siding. "I gambled that they'd need it," he says.

Les Beaston, who handles Smith and Chapple's publicity, boasts that the

CANADIAN ECDOTE



New Names for Old Jawbreakers

JUST a generation ago the Indian agent in northern Manitoba gave up trying to keep track of Indians with names like He-Who-Walks-Silently-in-the-Snow and similar jawbreakers. He decreed that henceforth his charges must take English-style names.

On registration day the Indians filed past the agent who took down their new names. They had been borrowed from missionaries and fur traders the Indians knew. But many Anglo-Saxon names contained letters the Indians could not pronounce. This was a stumbling block until one man thought of a Hudson's Bay factor whose name was Harper—nice, short and easy. When his turn came he said, "Harper." So did all the Indians in the line behind him until the agent called a halt.

Today at Island Lake there are 64 families of Harpers in a population of 1,000. They include John

Harper A, B, C, D and E. This has occasioned untold grief to Eaton's mail-order department.

Some Indians took their new names off boxes and packages. God's Lake at one time had an Indian named Harris Abattoir from a case of lard. One at Island Lake was simply called Label.

With the problem of surnames solved the puzzle of first names still goes on. For boys it's not too bad; there are enough white men in the North to borrow from. But white women are scarce and the Indian with a quiver full of girls soon runs out of examples.

One man named his first daughter Flora after a missionary's wife. When the eighth daughter came the harassed father had exhausted his supply. She became "Kotuck Flora," or, translated, "Flora again." And that's what she is on the records at Ottawa.—Eleanor McKim.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

store has never been out of nails—any nail, any size. On one occasion they shipped nails to a supplier in Eastern Canada. A few days later one of Grout's Chapleau competitors told him: "Just got a shipment of nails in. They've got your label on them." The eastern firm had bought from Smith and Chapple to supply another Chapleau account.

Once Grout undertook to deliver 1,200 tons of freight to the Lee Gold and Halcrow Swayze mines. The fact he had to cut 26 miles of road through virgin bush and organize teams and tractors didn't deter him. The road was built and the freight delivered on schedule. "Grout made the first trip himself," one of his friends tells. "It was 30 below zero and Art tied himself behind one of the sleighs so he would keep moving."

Mining slang often puzzled Grout. One prospector who ordered a jack received a car jack instead of a jack-hammer. Another ordered a cat and Grout shanghaied the first tomcat he saw. The amused customer ordered his tractor more explicitly but kept the cat for company.

But there were repercussions. The prospector not only wrote Smith and Chapple praising the service but relayed the story to the town weekly. When the cat's owner read what had happened to her pet she went gunning for Grout. He had to get her another cat.

In 1932 Grout was flying radios into a mining camp. The plane was heavily loaded and he was sitting on several boxes of dynamite. In his hands he held a package of dynamite caps. "If we have trouble," the pilot warned him, "I'll signal you to heave them out a window."

On take-off the plane's wing tip brushed a hangar. The pilot fought frantically to avoid a crash. When he leveled out he was shocked to see Grout still clutching the dynamite caps. "Are you crazy?" he bellowed. "Why didn't you get rid of them?"

Grout shrugged. "Why didn't you give me the signal?"

Fish Stories Are For Free

Once while on his way to photograph some mining executives Grout's plane clipped a chunk of frozen cordwood. A ski broke off and came hurtling into the cockpit, pounding the pilot.

"With blood streaming from his face," Grout recalls, "the pilot set the ship down on one ski. The whole front end was torn out as we skidded along. When we came to a stop nobody could move. We were buried up to our necks in snow. They had to haul us out like frozen fish from a box."

In Ottawa during the war a contractor heard his niece moaning she couldn't get an electric refrigerator. He phoned Smith and Chapple. Two days later a magic wand waved and the woman had her fridge.

When a customer walked into the store one day and ordered a cow Grout never batted an eyelash. Four days later the cow arrived—by express. "We had to hold up the train while we uncrated the critter," Art grins.

For 20 years the store has been outfitting fishermen and tourists. All they need to do is write Grout's vacation department advising how long they want to be in the bush and everything from blankets, stew pots, pillows and dishcloths to paddles, lanterns, egg turners and maps are provided for them. "We'll even concoct fish stories for customers," smiles Ross Whitney, a department head. "Earle Sootheran is our expert on tall tales."

Sotheran, who bites tails off trout and uses them for bait, claims Smith

and Chapple sells the finest trout fishing in Ontario. When he and Grout caught a half dozen speckled beauties for the King and Queen during the 1939 royal tour he insisted they used pipe cleaners from the store's tobacco counter as bait.

Sometimes Grout doesn't know whether to laugh or cry at the antics of some of his women customers. In the days before the store had a fitting room women would come in, pick out a stylish new model and take it home to try it on. The next day the dress would be returned in spite of the fact that the

woman had been seen wearing it at a town dance the previous night.

"One afternoon," says Les Beaston, "we noticed a woman (size 44) picking out a dozen dresses ranging in size from 12 to 18. I told her it was silly to take them home since she couldn't possibly get into them."

"Oh," giggled the woman, "our bridge club is getting together and its lots of fun for the girls to try dresses on."

Another woman came to Beaston one morning and asked him if he could

make up a fur coat if she provided the beaver pelts. Beaston inquired if they were legal pelts. "I should say not," replied the woman. "They're hot—but I don't care if you tell the police. They'd never find them."

Norm Veit, the store's butcher, recalls with a smile a woman who came into his department and asked for a half pound of hamburger. He was weighing it when she changed her mind. "Better make that three quarters of a pound," she said. "We're having company." ★



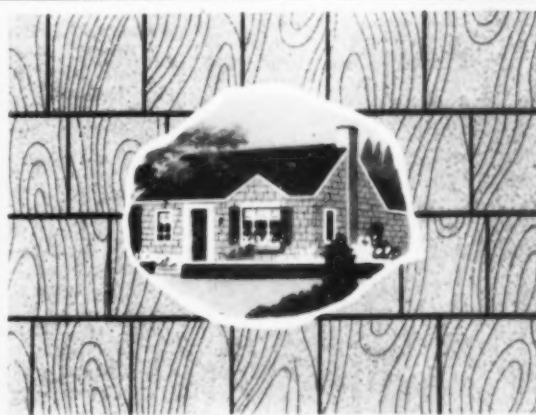
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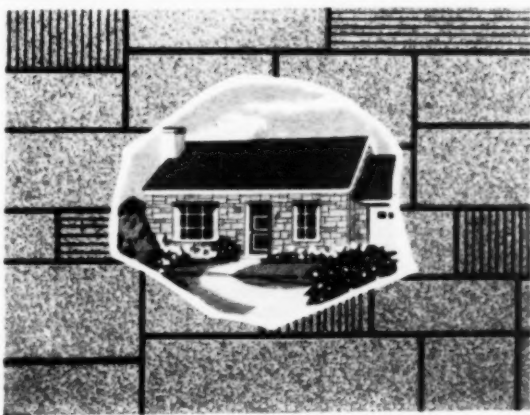
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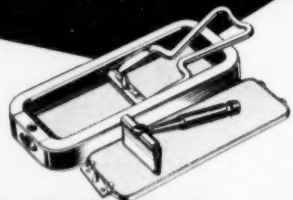
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Everybody Hates the Weatherman

Continued from page 15

neighbors still watch my wife, but now, when I'm wrong with a Monday forecast, I come home a back way.

A few days after I became a practicing forecaster I ordered "fair and warm, with light southwest winds" for a week end when I was going on a fishing trip with some friends. I soon found that I wasn't going to enjoy myself for I saw cirrus clouds, almost always a forerunner of rain, streaking in from the southwest. My friends began to watch me, huddled sadly in the stern of the boat, and wondered why they'd ever thought of bringing such a sad guy along on a week end. By late Saturday afternoon we were peering out of our cabin window at a solid wall of rain and my popularity was zero-zero.

Most people feel that if the weatherman doesn't actually control the weather, he's in some mysterious way involved; like a criminal who wasn't actually caught with the goods but was spotted at the scene of the crime. I am never greeted with a casual, "Isn't it a lovely day?" My friends rather avoid the subject as they would the mention of an old romance, or they say, "Well, you gave us good weather today," in a tone that suggests, "and about time."

Many people approach me like a big better approaching a jockey, asking for a special "inside" report on the weather, as if only the suckers believed the published one.

One day not long ago I picked up the morning paper and went through the familiar experience of reading in the letters to the Editor a labored little effort about a decimal point having being omitted from a statement that the weatherman is right about 85% of the time. The fact is that today, with meteorology a baby among the sciences as compared with, say, chemistry, the forecaster is right 85% of the time. My boss has a critical eye on that percentage, having a team of experts at headquarters to check every forecast issued across Canada.

Recently the Winnipeg Free Press kept a rough score on the accuracy of the Winnipeg weather office for five weeks and found that, in spite of limitations of terminology which made the forecaster's score look lower than it actually was, he won 112 out of a possible 150 points. The news item ended with, "The weatherman has proved that his batting average puts him in the big leagues."

They Helped Find an Umbrella

While many casual users of weather forecasts often claim that we are more often wrong than right, with industrial concerns who measure accuracy in terms of dollars and cents we never have a complaint.

A day never passes when the weather office doesn't provide vital information to farmers, fishermen, manufacturers, businessmen.

Several well-known chain stores check temperature forecasts with our office daily during the winter months before deciding that shipments will be made to their branches—flour will be shipped when sub-zero conditions are expected, loads of perishable goods reserved for a warmer night.

Makers of writing ink want reports on winter temperatures before shipping their product. On a rainy day many husbands do their family's shopping downtown and shipments of perishable goods can be drawn off suburban areas. A York bakery, which has been acting

on this principle, reports an annual saving of \$250,000.

One weather office has a standard request from a milling house to let them know whenever sub-zero weather can be foreseen 72 hours away, in which case they close down operations, open all doors and windows and freeze out any insect larvae. Paint sprayers plan operations on our temperature forecasts. Large department stores time much of their advertising on the weather report. Fuel and power companies, the departments of highways and forestry, railways, all make use of the weatherman's forecast.

And, finally, our most important clients, the airlines, depend every day on our hourly forecasts to bring thousands of air travelers safely to their destinations.

There are other services the weatherman performs. A short time ago a woman phoned to say that she was looking for her umbrella and that we could help her find it if we could tell her what day it rained last.

We looked it up, found that it had rained the previous Saturday, and were gratified to hear her say: "Oh, I remember now. I was visiting my niece in North Toronto. So that's where I left it." She later reported that she had found her umbrella, safe and sound.

Murder, Homework, Hay Fever

Just who benefited by another service we performed is hard to say. A man phoned and asked what the weather had been like in Belleville that day. We reported fair and warm. He asked about the visibility. We reported unlimited.

"That's all I want to know," the man said. "My wife was supposed to fly here from Montreal a few hours ago. She just sent me a telegram saying that she had been forced down in Belleville. I'll fix her."

A woman phoned to get our advice on whether she should wear her coat that day. We told her that there would

be a slight drop in temperature, with northwest winds up to 10 mph, and we thought she should.

At times we play nursemaid, advising harried mothers whether or not the baby should sleep outdoors. People phone to ask about meteors, flying saucers, earthquakes, whether they should go to Texas for their hay fever. One woman wanted an 11-letter word meaning a student of the skies (a uranographist, we found from the dictionary).

We can tell every year when high-school students reach a point in their physics course dealing with the conversion of Fahrenheit temperature readings to centigrade. During this period our evening shift finds itself doing a good portion of the homework for young Toronto. We can only hope our answers are getting good marks from the teachers.

Our men are at the courts regularly giving evidence about the weather. During the Newall silk-stocking murder case in Toronto the weather office was called to give figures on wind, rain and sunshine for a certain period so that experts could calculate how long a couple of pieces of clothing had been exposed to the weather.

In a trial concerning the hijacking of a brewer's truck the probability of accurate identification became an important point and we were called to testify about the degree of light that day.

But most cases at which the weather office gives evidence—cases of damage from wind, inadequate heating of premises, motor accidents—get brief mention in the papers or none at all. But the daily forecast is there every day on the front page to be referred to, jeered at or even framed.

No one sticks his neck out farther, more consistently or more permanently than the forecaster. And when he goes on a picnic or plays a round of golf and gets caught in the rain (as I have) he's not only wet, along with everyone else, he's all wet. ★

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There's still time to send in an entry in this unusual contest for the best short story based on a plot supplied by W. Somerset Maugham, the master storyteller.

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MINER STAYS AT POST TO EVACUATE MEN AFTER BLAST

Leonard Morrison, of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, stays on job until fellow workers are safe — despite possibility of second explosion



1. Coal miner Morrison's job is to run a stationary engine which sends small cars on a cable down a steep incline for half a mile to the shaft bottom. Here, a cage takes men and materials to the surface. When he felt the shock of an explosion, he knew he was at liberty to save himself if he could — and forget about the other men. However, Morrison decided to stay on the job.



2. As the men came in, he sent them down in the cars to the cage which would take them to safety. For fifteen long minutes, Leonard's ears strained for the dreaded sound of a second explosion. But it did not come. Calmly and quickly he worked until the last of the 45 men had gone. Finally, Morrison was free to look after himself!



3. Shutting off his engine, he started out — alone and on foot — towards the shaft and safety. The mine superintendent sums up Leonard Morrison's bravery in this way: "This young man might easily have given his life for his fellow workers. He went far beyond the call of duty." We are proud to add our tribute by presenting him with *The Dow Award*.



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Maybe You Just Think You're Sick

Continued from page 20

pretended to feel sick, or if the ageing poet had deliberately invented his aches and pains, they would have been no better than a couple of lead-swinging frauds. But for all the enormous disparity between love for a pretty girl and loathing for a bunch of dirty garbage cans, they had one thing in common. They weren't faking. They really and honestly suffered as much as if they'd been actually ill.

That is what sets hypochondria apart from malingering, with which many laymen and even some doctors are apt to confuse it. Almost everyone knows somebody who is obviously as healthy as a hound pup but who never admits to feeling well and is only too ready to describe last Wednesday's dizzy spell, or the heartburn that hasn't let up since breakfast Thursday. And the natural reaction to such people is either the feeling that they're just putting it on, or the impatient comment that they just *think* they're sick and it's a pity they don't get wise to themselves and snap out of it.

St. Francis Was a Sissy

Unfortunately, while it's true they just think they're sick, getting rid of hypochondria isn't always that simple. The distressing thing from which they are trying to escape may be buried so far down in the subconscious mind it's completely hidden. In such cases they can't stop worrying about the cancer they haven't got, or the diabetes that isn't there, even though they've been convinced by medical proof there's nothing physically wrong. Which means it's possible to be perfectly aware you're a hypochondriac and yet to keep right on being one until the hidden cause is found and removed by psychiatric treatment.

Samuel Johnson was a good example of this. No man in all the England of King George III was more admired for his vast learning and salty commonsense. He wasn't worried about his physical health, but his whole life was clouded by a haunting terror of going mad. He knew his fear wasn't reasonable, since he had never exhibited the slightest symptom of insanity and it seemed most unlikely that he ever would. He knew he was a hypochondriac and often discussed his trouble in a shrewd, sensible and impersonal way. Yet the cause, whatever it was, lay too deep for him to recognize and overcome. And every now and again he would take to his bed in a darkened room and lie there for hours, cringing in an agony of anxiety.

One common type of hypochondria is an exaggerated fear of infection. Long before it was known how contagious diseases are spread people suffered from this fear. When St. Francis of Assisi was a young man he was so afraid of leprosy that he fainted at the sight of a leper. James Caesar Petrillo, the international president of the American Federation of Musicians, won't let news photographers lay their cameras down near him in case microbes should jump across the gap and land on his clothes. Quite often at a party he won't take a beer until he has first scrubbed the glass. And, instead of shaking hands, he frequently holds out only his little finger so as to expose the least possible area to the risk of contagion.

When this fear gets out of hand, as it sometimes does, it builds up into something called "compulsive obsession."

and can be really fantastic. A wealthy spinster got so germ-conscious she spent most of her day in the bathroom, having her body washed over and over again with antiseptics by two women hired specially for the job. But in the milder stages it doesn't go far beyond some such fussy quirk as a strong aversion to touching crumpled and dirty-looking paper money—a retired businessman in the Maritimes wouldn't handle anything but brand-new bills without first putting on his gloves.

Do Men Prefer Blondes?

Hypochondria has been recognized and studied for a couple of thousand years. Its name is a Greek word meaning the middle of the body; the Greeks thought that was where feelings of gloomy anxiety originated. But until Freud, Jung and other pioneers began to develop the techniques of modern psychiatry there wasn't much that could be done to help people with deep-seated trouble. If a certain blond Montreal bride, for instance, had been married in 1848 instead of two years ago she would quite probably have lived and died as a chronic invalid.

Her case is typical and not only shows how complex and baffling hypochondria can be but how the more severe forms are usually treated. Six months after her marriage she suddenly started complaining that nothing she ate agreed with her and that her head felt as though a band of iron were fastened tightly around it. Within a week the headache and indigestion had become so bad she couldn't leave the house; pretty soon it was late afternoon before she could drag herself out of bed. Her own doctor could find nothing physically wrong with her and sent her to a clinic for a more complete checkup.

Specialists also gave her a clean bill of health and, since she went right on feeling terrible, turned her over to a psychiatrist. It didn't take him long to discover the trouble had come on at a time when she thought, mistakenly as it proved, that she was pregnant. With that for a clue, and by long and patient questioning, he learned that without her being consciously aware of it she was terrified of the pain of childbirth. Having explained that her imaginary aches and upsets might well be a kind of running away from motherhood he calmed her fears and helped her develop a normal attitude toward having a baby.

When he had got her to that point she should have been all right; for it was her subconscious fear of labor pains that had been the only cause of her trouble, uncovering and removing it would have been the answer. It wasn't. She now knew she was a hypochondriac, but she continued to be as sick as ever. And after weeks of further questioning the psychiatrist finally laid bare a deeper and more secret cause. The blonde's sister, older by two years, had always been far more attractive to men than the blonde herself. And this sister was a raven-haired brunette.

There was the real trouble. The bride, wildly in love with her handsome husband, was afraid without realizing it that she'd lose him to the first dark charmer who came along. The belief had been built into her, so to speak, through playing second fiddle to her sister, that a blonde didn't have a chance against a brunette. And when the psychiatrist had dug out this hidden anxiety and helped her understand that this was the root of her trouble she trotted off home as happy as a lark.

Few people ever become hypochondriacs unless they have a basic feeling of insecurity. Yet that feeling is

quite often only latent and, with a great many people, the immediate cause is far simpler and more direct.

It can be brought on, for instance, by the kind of patent medicine advertising which is in such bad taste, and at the same time so vivid and alarming, that it can literally frighten a person sick.

There are heart-hypochondriacs, living in constant fear of dropping dead because some relative has told them poor Aunt Lucy's trouble started with exactly the same fluttering sensation in the chest they themselves have noticed lately.

The publicity campaign to make people aware of the need for prompt examination where there is reason to suspect cancer has saved many a life, but it has also made many a hypochondriac. For example, a Montreal clerk quite properly went to a doctor when the tip of his tongue had been sore for several weeks; he asked for a checkup to make sure it wasn't the start of a cancer. Tests proved it wasn't—the trouble turned out to be irritation from a slightly jagged front tooth. But his dread of tongue cancer, once it had arisen, wouldn't go away. He began a round of visits to doctor after doctor, seeking an assurance he couldn't bring himself to accept. And at the end of a year he was not only a confirmed hypochondriac but had spent \$600 for medical opinions and examinations he didn't need and couldn't afford.

Medical Mumbo Jumbo

Which brings up another common starting point for this strange disorder. Although doctors are understandably not given to publicizing the fact they themselves are often the cause of it. A European specialist, Dr. H. Higier, has listed all separate and distinct forms of physician-induced hypochondria. One form is excessive fear of such diseases as syphilis or tuberculosis brought on by repeated blood, spinal fluid or sputum analyses. Another is fear of hardening of the arteries, developed through constant suggestion that the slightest pain in the patient's chest, arms or legs, or the least feeling of dizziness or shortness of breath, is inevitably a danger signal. A third is

fear of high blood pressure, as a result of the doctor's too-frequent measuring and recording of even tiny and insignificant ups and downs, and his looking concerned and perturbed when he ought to be reassuring.

Most doctors, of course, avoid all such gloomy and needless goings-on. But any medical man, even if he belongs to the vast majority who are thoroughly capable and reputable, can touch off an attack of hypochondria inadvertently if he isn't careful to keep his explanations simple and his manner as cheerful and encouraging as the circumstances warrant. And an unscrupulous few deliberately make hypochondriacs out of healthy patients, or let them go on as hypochondriacs, because an imaginary illness can bring as many fees as a real one.

Watch Out In Middle Age

There are so many kinds of hypochondria (Higier's 11 don't begin to cover even the physician-induced field) and so many different possible causes that nobody has ever set them all down and probably nobody ever will. About the only broad generalities that can safely be made are that more women suffer from it than men, and that people are more likely to become hypochondriacs in their middle years than in either youth or old age.

If you have been told you're a hypochondriac ("Aw go on—you just think you're sick!"), or suspect you're one even if nobody has accused you of it, don't let it get you down. Go see your doctor, make sure you're physically okay, and try to stop worrying.

If that doesn't do the trick go back to the doctor and tell him about it. If he recommends psychiatric treatment don't let the idea of that trouble you either. A brilliant young doctor on the staff of a big-city hospital took to worrying so much about his health, which was perfect, that after a while he became a full-time imaginary invalid and had to quit work entirely, until the psychiatrist he went to had had time to straighten him out.

If even doctors can have hypochondria and be obliged to go to other doctors for help there's no reason why anyone should feel the least hesitation in following their example. ★



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HANDS OFF MY SPARE TIME

By ERNEST BUCKLER

I WISH people would stop dinging at me to improve my spare time. Dale Carnegie says Emily Post carries stationery around in her handbag and writes to her friends while she's waiting for trains. All I can say is, it may work for Emily Post but it doesn't work for me. I tried it last week and I got a reply right back: "Was that supposed to be a letter I had from you yesterday? It sounded as if you wrote it in a railway station."

The suggestions of Robert Updegraff in his "Time Enough for Everything," a piece in *The Rotarian*, were far more intriguing, but scarcely more profitable. He advised hanging up a slate on which members of the family might scribble chores that need doing by a man. So I hung up a slate.

The first scribble read, "Porch door blows open. Button." It cost me a thumbnail (and, I'm afraid, my chances for heaven) but I made a button.

"That button was a big help," my wife said that night.

"Why?" I said. "What's wrong with it?"

"Didn't anyone ever tell you, you don't nail the button on the door?" she said.

After that they didn't seem to take my little slate very seriously. There'd be remarks like: "I wrote on your slate, I love you Joe, when we were a couple of kids." And the morning after the memo read, "Fix washer. Goes plonk-plonk all the time," and I fixed it. Then the washer started going zippety-do-dah and a bunch of unidentifiable screws turned up in the pocket of my daughter's satin housecoat, and the slate bore a single injunction: "Drop dead."

This same Updegraff suggests you hear your son's spellings while you shave.

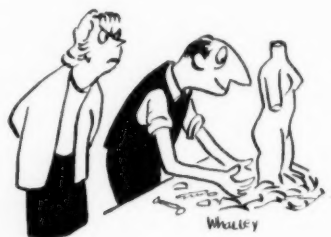
Well, maybe he can keep calm when his son gibes, "Daddy doesn't know how to pronounce 'phthisis' and he's old enough to shave"—but I can't. I didn't mean any serious harm to the child, I just forgot to lay the darn thing down; but you can imagine what the gossips made of it: "Chasing his son around the yard with a razor!"

Updegraff knows more enterprising people! He knows a lawyer who learned three foreign languages by

conjugating verbs as he walked along the street and translating advertisements as he rode in trolleys. I tried that too. Not after I heard what my best friends were saying, though. "What's struck that bird—chasing his son with a razor and going around muttering, 'Amo, amas, amat...?'?" What's more, if I have to go through life sitting in a streetcar translating "Only genuine Flusho will keep you regular when Nature forgets" into Spanish I'll stay unilingual.

As for his injunction to spend a few spare moments every day (a) "scribbling your impressions of the world about you," (b) "sketching a scene that has caught your fancy," or (c) "letting your fingers think with a piece of clay," these things may be all right if you're single, but they're no good for a married man.

The other night my wife came in from pressing my suit with two slips of paper in her hand. I knew her face wasn't that red from the electric iron. "I'd like an explanation of two things," she said. First she quoted from my scribbled impressions, "There's a real dish passes the corner of Bloor and Spadina every day about noon"; then



I was merely thinking aloud in clay.

she held out my sketch of Effie Windermere hanging out clothes. "It better be good," she said. It wasn't.

That was the same evening I snatched the gob of young Herbert's plasticine. "What are you doing?" my wife asked.

"Letting my fingers think with a piece of clay," I said.

She came closer. "Ernest!" she said. That was all. But I've never touched any plasticine since. I think the guy that did Venus de Milo must have been a bachelor.

Married or single I'd also caution you against Updegraff's recommenda-

tion to "sharpen your blunted senses by closing your eyes a few seconds each day and listening to (a) the lazy hum of nature in the country or (b) the dynamic hum of life in the city." The net result in my case was (a) I fell headlong into a sink drain and (b) I got a nervous condition from the sudden screech of brakes and a cabbie shouting, "You deaf or blind? Whadja think I was layin' on this horn for? I ain't Shostakovitch!"

The part that really gets me, though, is this. Right in the same breath with all this eager-beaver bushwa they exhort you to spend every whistitch you can "relaxing." That's what they call it. It sounds more to me like work. You know the general formula. Lie down, stretch both hands above your head, place the heel of your left foot under your right armpit, rotate your buttocks in a counterclockwise movement, inhale slowly, and "think black."

The "joy through relaxation" boys, Drs. Peale and Blanton ("The Art of Happiness," Prentice Hall Inc.), throw in a few complications like making circular motions with your clenched fists, stretching your toes upward and then outward and whapping your stomach with your knees.

"That part of your lung which was dormant will begin to participate more fully in your breathing," Karin Roon in an article, "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day," assures me, "and your heart will be grateful for the flexibility..."

Yeah? Well, I wasn't taking chances like that with my old sacroiliac. Not beyond thinking black, anyway. I did lie down and think black. "Coal" was the first thing that popped into my head. Seventeen tons at \$19 a ton. Nine sevens are 63, nine ones are nine and carry six... Look, I shot off that bed and into the skylight so darn fast.

Geraldine Farrar, Dale Carnegie tells us, used to slump down and let her mouth hang open every chance she got. He mentions also a celebrity who deliberately haw-haws over nothing whenever he feels himself getting taut. (I omit this guy's name. I'd want him to do as much for me.)

Then there's "palming"—that is, pressing the palms of your hands against the eyeballs.

And there's that famous diagram with the six pillows in perhaps the most strenuous of all manuals, "How to Relax" (Dr. David H. Fink, Simon and Schuster). This is the one where you lie down and hypnotize each muscle individually, starting at the head and continuing right down to the heel tendons.

Yesterday I decided to combine all four of these techniques in one last attempt. I arranged the pillows (one under my neck, one under each arm, one under the small of my back, and one under each knee), dropped my lower jaw, grinned like a Cheshire cat, palmed the old eyeballs, and started to relax my muscles. I was out cold down as far as the umbilicus when a recalcitrant tendon around my left clavicle started to twitch all over again.

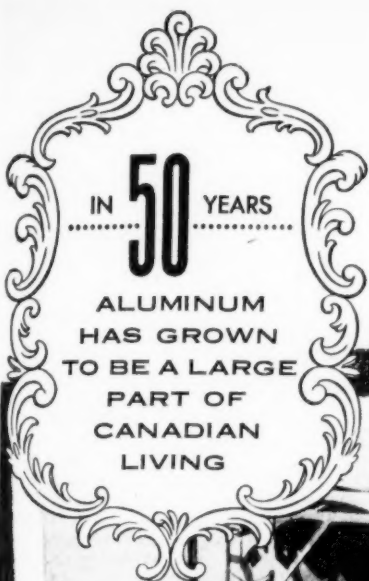
"Down, Fido," I hissed at it just as my wife stalked into the room.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "What goes on here? You take those pillows right back where they came from and act your age. Tearing up every bed in the house!" (Or words to that effect which no magazine could print.)

"I'm relaxing," I said.

"Relaxing?" she said. "Relaxing? Listen, ball-of-fire, you don't need to relax. You need to pull in your slack and smarten up a bit."

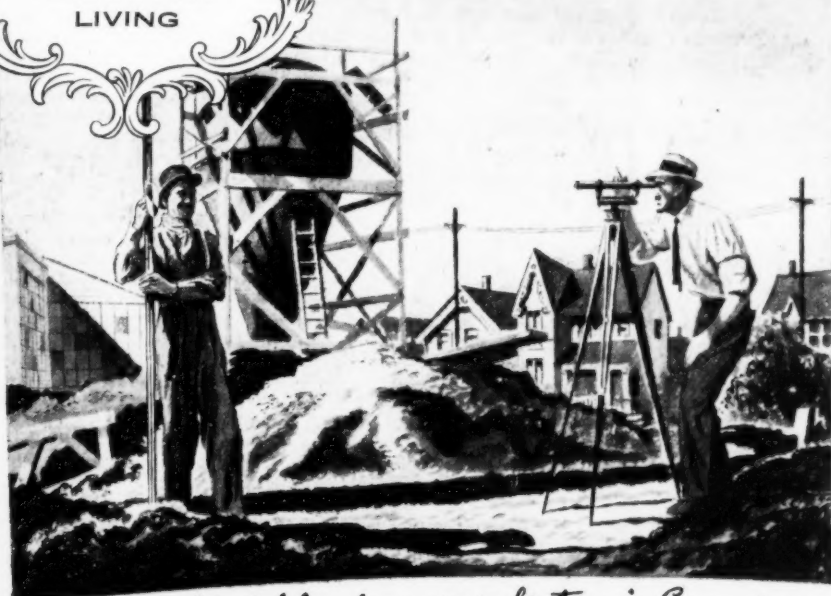
I wonder how I should have improved all the time that went down the drain reading those articles. ★



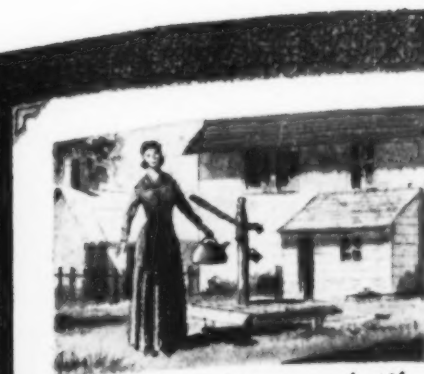
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1912

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TO BE A LARGE
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CANADIAN
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Mama and her Aluminum kettle



Picnic - Point-Toronto 1912



1950 is the fiftieth anniversary of the Wear-Ever line in Canada

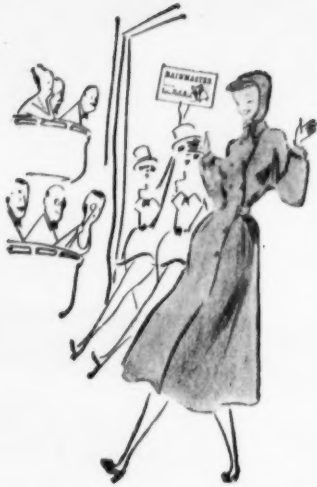
These aluminum cooking utensils were introduced here at the beginning of the century. Their popularity grew so rapidly that, by 1912, a new factory was needed to supply the demand. This was built in Toronto. It was the first plant in Canada to make aluminum articles — and this was only a dozen years after the first Canadian smelter had started making aluminum ingots at Shawinigan Falls.

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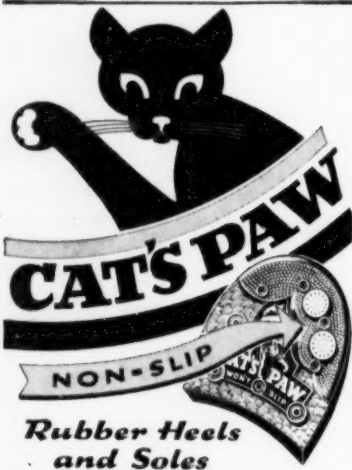


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MAILBAG

Indians, Limericks And Angry Gaels

I wish to say how much I enjoyed the article, "The Mad General Who Won Canada," by Paul A. Gardner (July 1). But because I found a discrepancy in his statements I thought I would draw to his attention a source of material which I believe he has missed. He wrote, "About 8,000 of the reserves were Canadians, and about 1,000 were Indians, of whom the British had none."

Quite some years ago Mr. Nolan Couchon came into possession of a book, hand written and bound in unfinished leather, which he subsequently gave to the Archives here. This book is a diary kept by an aide-de-camp of Wolfe's command. It not only mentions Indians within the British forces but gives their tribal types—G. W. Rourke, Ottawa.

● Why do people write those articles and why do you publish them? Do not print anything that will shatter our love, respect and gratitude for Wolfe, Nelson, Wellington, Clive, Marlborough, Washington and Abe Lincoln. —Wm. Dignem, Wolfe Island, Ont.

Objections From Cape Breton

We are incensed with both Eva-Lis Wuorio and you for the incompleteness of the story she has written under the title "Cape Breton: Into the Land of Mod" (July 1). Why, Oh why didn't she confine her story to the Cabot Trail and the Mod? That might have been a good story but it is surely not a good story of Cape Breton. I am not prepared to question any of Miss Wuorio's fine story of the Scots . . . it is good reading, as all her stories are.—Alice W. Thompson, Sydney, N.S.

● Anything less conducive to national unity than an article such as this is hard to imagine.—M. Livingstone, Bras d'Or, N.S.

Junior Limericks

I am only 12 years old. After reading your limericks I made up this one. A boy who came from Manitoba Went outside to disroba He said "It's too cold And I'm not very bold And besides, I don't come from Crestova."

I also send one by my sister, Patricia, who is nine years old.—Jim O'Neil, Glenwood, Alta.

There was a young girl from B.C. Who once was stung by a bee. It made her say "Ouch," When she sat on a couch, "I must have a pillow," said she. —Patricia O'Neil.

The Price of Suicide

In April 15 issue you print a story, "I Tried Suicide," very good tale, but would you please put us right on a few statements. He states he had \$20. He and his wife went out to breakfast, bought a bottle of whisky (35s) here, had a couple of cocktails, ate a good dinner, then bought a straight edge

razor and also two more bottles of Scotch whisky. In these days of high prices, however did he buy all this with, a \$20 bill? Don't spoil your paper with these wonderful stories.—H. E. Lord, Birmingham, England.

It all happened before World War II, when the cost of living (and dying) was much less. In fact, at pre-war prices he could probably have had \$2.50 change.

A Cowslip by Any Other Name

I have just received my Maclean's for May 1 with a delightful cover painted by A. J. Casson, but to my horror he calls the flowers he has



painted cowslips or marigolds. Why? If I could paint as well I certainly would make sure I knew my subject. Does he call an English rose a poppy or a Scotch thistle a daisy or Irish shamrock just heather? Will you kindly tell him for me that they are king cups . . . Canadians do not know everything, remember!!!—Isobel F. Appleton, Liverpool, England.

But the Oxford Dictionary, which knows quite a lot, says the king cup is also called the marsh marigold.

An Expensive "Yuk"

In your "The Southams—Part Two" Pierre Berton says: "The Journal's court reporter, aided and abetted by the Edmonton Bulletin's court reporter, made off with the bottle-of-whisky evidence . . . both papers found it necessary to fire the culprits. The Bulletin man stayed fired. But the Southam paper welched on the deal and took their man back."

Wrong. The Bulletin reporter, needing a bottle for a romantic enterprise, talked the Journal man into aiding and abetting him in lowering it from the second story window on the end of a ventilator stick.

Nobody was fired then or later . . . It was strictly a "yuk." Some years later it turns out to be something less than a "yuk."

The record of it embarrassed the Journal man in his RCAF wartime officer's career. It cost the Bulletin's man almost \$2,000 in legal fees and expenses through three months of waiting immigration clearance at the border, following a "voluntary departure"

from the U. S. after the "borrowing" of the bottle had come up under the head of moral turpitude. These are the facts. I know.—Dick Jackson, The Ottawa Journal.

● I should like to make a correction for the record in the second part of my series on the Southam family ("The Boss Who Hates To Fire People," July 1). I said that F. N. Southam failed to close his deal for the purchase of the Montreal Star because he did not care to disturb the publisher, Lord Atholstan, at the time of Lady Atholstan's death. Lady Atholstan was ill but did not die. Her death was inaccurately reported by a Toronto paper in an obituary of her husband in 1938 which said she'd predeceased him by two years. Actually she died in 1941—16 years after I said she did.

Incidentally, Bill Southam has amplified the story about his bet with E. R. Bradley on whether or not it would rain. Southam laid \$4,000 to \$1,000 that it would rain on his front lawn at a certain time—and won. —Pierre Berton.

Caddy Wouldn't Fight

I enjoyed Ray Gardner's article ("Caddy, King of the Coast," June 15) and I want to put in a claim to be the only one to get Caddy within striking distance with an oar in an open boat. I was sailing in a 12-foot boat on the Gulf on a hot cloudless day. About a quarter mile from a small island (Goat) I suddenly espied a great commotion at the base of a 10 or 12 foot cliff of rock. I distinctly saw what looked like five or six undulations of a huge serpent going in a circle. Suddenly he straightened and came at great speed straight for my boat. I counted at least five distinct undulations but he seemed to keep his head level with the water. I know my hair stood on end. I seized an oar and at about eight or six feet I made a jab at what I took to be his snout. I missed and nearly went overboard. Caddy dived and disappeared. I gazed down into the depths and counted six shadowy shapes swimming casually out into the gulf, and I could readily imagine a grin on each of their snouts . . . I am now looking for flying saucers; will let you know when I see one.—E. LeFeuvre, Vancouver.

Nudes and Art

Why the drift toward such trash as the setup on page 12 of the July 1 issue ("You Splash Plenty of Color Around")? After all, a very large percentage of right-minded Canadians don't hold



quite the same crude notions of what constitutes "art" as those who go in for portraiture in the "nude." I have been a subscriber to Maclean's for a number of years and I regret to inform you that unless I can be assured of a cleanup . . . I will have to cancel my subscriptions. —J. P. Crossman, Bouchette, N.B. ★

What Union's Done to Newfoundland

Continued from page 5

great deal of the new money now goes direct to big mail-order houses on the mainland, by-passing local stores entirely, as indicated by an increase in postal money order sales from \$8½ millions the year before confederation to \$11 millions the year after. Both Eaton's and Simpson's have opened order offices in St. John's and elsewhere with door-to-door deliveries in some places.

The greatest immediate upset has been to secondary industries. Long-established firms quit trying to make money on items like boots and shoes, underwear, mattresses and paper bags in competition with large-scale mainland manufacturers. But two local manufacturers have decided the best defense against the Mainland Menace is to attack. Browning-Harvey biscuits have invaded the Nova Scotia market supported by full-page ads in Halifax papers; United Nail and Foundry Co. has bought a plant to start mainland production.

St. John's Water Street merchants stood to suffer the worst long-range shocks, what with mail-order competition stealing their retail sales and seeming trainloads of Canadian jobbers' agents calling on their wholesale customers among the outport stores. Yet even these have shown signs of mellowing.

In one hour 10 mainland salesmen interviewed amiable Lewis Ayre, one of Water Street's largest retail-wholesalers. Finally Ayre exploded: "Sell, sell, sell—doesn't anybody in Canada want to buy from Newfoundland?" Then he relaxed, grinned and placed an order.

New Shoes For the Whole Tribe

It was also Lewis Ayre, a strong Responsible Government man, who was stopped in his tracks one day soon after confederation became law by the sight of a poorly dressed mother leading her brood of five into his shoe department. She was waving a \$32 family allowance cheque like a fairy wand.

"It would have done your heart good to see it," he confessed warmly to a friend at a service club luncheon. "I'll bet it was the first time she'd ever been able to afford splitnew shoes for the whole tribe of them."

Splitnew is the way a Newfoundlanders says brand-new and the expression is almost a symbol of Newfoundland, 1950. Now customs men sweat like students to master a five-foot shelf of new Canadian tariff regulations. Bowring's, one of the oldest trading firms in St. John's, abandons Newfoundland's medieval barter-credit system and streamlines its business to compete with the mail-order catalogue. Joe Smallwood's aggressive government launches a three-pronged program to develop new resources, bolster the fishing industry and provide the small fisherman with cheaper credit. He wins the co-operation of businessmen like burly fish dealer Ches Crosbie, formerly Smallwood's political archenemy, and together they show tradition-bound fishermen new ways to harvest cash crops from the sea.

This is the big news in Newfoundland today—the number of men of different political stripe and economic outlook who have answered confederation's challenge by a readiness to scrap the old ways and try something splitnew.

Confederation also wrought changes which, while less than island-shaking, were upsetting enough. Newfoundland

parents were horrified when their children broke out in a rash of lurid crime comics which had never before crossed Cabot Strait in any numbers. Ottawa's subsequent comic book ban nipped that crisis just in time.

People looked more kindly on the gift of Easter Monday, the only one of Canada's pitiful collection of eight general holidays not already listed among Newfoundland's bountiful 18. Now everyone on the island takes Easter Monday off, although only students, bankers and civil servants enjoy the holiday in the provinces from which it was imported.

Ottawa Saws Them In Half

Union with Canada also meant a lot more work for many people. Train crews and freight handlers who man the narrow-gauge Newfoundland Railway found loads doubled in the line's first year as part of the CNR. This was due chiefly to the fact that Newfoundland is now buying an estimated additional \$30 millions worth of mainland Canadian goods a year, but passenger traffic also doubled when fares were cut almost in half to conform to CNR rates.

The railwaymen shouldered the extra work cheerfully, for wages were adjusted to mainland levels, too. In individual cases pay jumped as much as \$40 a week and when retroactive increases came through last December, 2,500 railwaymen split \$750,000.

Confederation almost tripled the work of 550 postmasters throughout Newfoundland and Labrador, thanks to mail-order buying which trebled parcel post in 1949. This at least helped to keep their minds off the painful process of being sawn in half by Ottawa's magicians. For Newfoundland postmasters have always sent telegrams with one hand while stamping mail with the other. And while they continue to perform this agile trick, in theory they now work half-time for the post office, the other half for Canadian National Telegraphs, and draw half-pay from each.

As if this experience wasn't enough, the postal people also had to learn an entirely new set of rules and regulations. It was all too much for one postmaster west of Hermitage Bay, on the south coast, who grimly returned his bulky packet of instructions on Canadian postal regulations with a letter to his chief: "Dear Sir—I have decided the new system will not be suitable for use in this office and will therefore continue to operate as before."

So far as an exhaustive search could disclose the south coast postmaster was entirely alone in his flat refusal to accept the new regime. However, opposition to confederation didn't blow out overnight, or even in a year.

A few fathers of diehard conviction refused to sign family allowance applications, but no children suffered since their mothers' signatures are sufficient. On the other hand, most of the parents who were moved to outpourings of gratitude when the baby bonus began to roll in have come to take the cheques for granted, like a month-old raise in pay. Now they just write to Premier Smallwood if the cheque is late. For, praise or plaint, the Newfoundland electorate still consider "Joey" directly responsible for family allowance and all other benefits from on high for he was the man who first spread the good word about them through the outports.

During the heat of the referendum campaigns of 1947 anti-confederate speakers demanded, "Do you want to hear 'O Canada' on the radio every night in place of the 'Ode to Newfoundland'?" So on the night of April 1,

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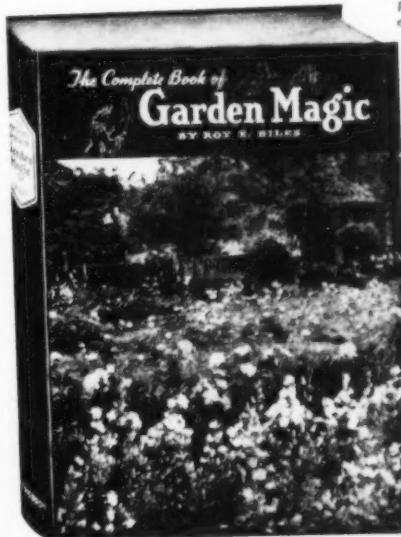
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1949, the four stations which the CBC acquired from the Broadcasting Corporation of Newfoundland signed off with "O Canada" while the regional director tensed himself for the explosion. The phone didn't even ring once.

Generally, the old conflicts have not died but in a year there have already been many softening influences. Confederate high spirits sobered when the price of screech — cheap, legal Newfoundland rum — jumped from \$2.50 to \$3. On the other hand the burden of antiunionist gloom was eased when aspirin dropped from 25 to 18 cents in island drugstores.

Today even the most ardent confederates admit it is still a shock to receive mail addressed "St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada." As one of them asked, "How would you react to a letter addressed to you at 'Toronto, Ontario, U.S.A.'?"

Newfoundlanders were highly amused at the exaggerated tact at first shown them by their new cousins. Right up to the dawn of confederation day itself the brief case brigades dispatched by Ottawa to prepare for the big event were careful to preface all proposals with the words "if and when confederation occurs."

Political columnist Don Jamieson in the tabloid St. John's Sunday Herald recently noted with relief that, "The boys around Ottawa feel it's about time they ceased coddling the new province. Up to now no one dared to do anything without finding out first if 'the natives' would be insulted . . . There were loud and slightly phoney apologies every time anyone used the word 'Newfie' and it was pretty obvious that most mainlanders regarded us as a bunch of thin-skinned characters who had to be handled with kid gloves . . ."

For their part, Newfoundlanders today are inclined to be just as painfully polite about calling visitors from the other provinces "mainlanders" — though you never know when you're being kidded. And while there remain a few ardent patriots who glower and practically spit any comments they have to offer about "you Canadians," such brave displays of spirit invariably collapse in an invitation home to dinner.

Those who fought confederation the hardest are now convinced that union was a deep-dyed Anglo-Canadian plot to keep Newfoundland from falling into American clutches, with Joe Smallwood merely a willing tool. Some of them can make it sound pretty convincing, too. They are forced to admit from the overwhelming Liberal majority in last year's provincial election (Libs 32, PCs 5, Independent 1) that the join-Canada idea would have won out eventually, but like all good Maritimers since 1867 they are convinced their province was ill done by in the confederation deal. Ottawa can expect to hear about this regularly for the next 100 years.

Busting the Salt-cod Economy

There are still some really embittered responsible Government diehards who blame confederation for all the island's ills. Fisherman Mike Hahn, of Port Royal in Placentia Bay, for instance, is somehow convinced that this summer's salt-cod crisis is a direct result of what happened a year ago April 1.

Actually the slump in the codfishery this season was started by the devaluation of the pound. This slashed last year's sales to big consumers like Portugal, Spain and Italy and left dealers with a 20 million pound surplus. Then this spring fishermen heard there would no longer be a guaranteed price, a boon they have enjoyed since 1943, thanks to joint Allied food buying and,

latterly, relief agencies like UNRRA and ECA.

Yet coming in confederation's first year the threat to the salt-cod business forced both government planners and disgruntled businessmen to face up to the urgency of economic problems which confederation emphasized but did not create.

The last 50 years in Newfoundland have seen the growth of industries like pulp and paper, agriculture and manufacturing, until these together earn more than \$100 millions a year compared with \$27 millions for the fisheries. But together they provide jobs for less than half the 31,600 workers employed in the fish trades. Fully 50% of Newfoundland's people still depend largely on the fisheries for their salt beef, biscuits and margarine. And nine out of 10 fishermen depend almost exclusively on one "crop" — dried salt cod.

During the bleak depression years, when bankruptcy forced Newfoundland to relinquish dominion status and submit to rule by an appointed "commission of government," there evolved a three-point plan to improve the economic lot of the island's people: Break away from the backward and costly barter system by which the fisherman buys his supplies on long-term credit and pays for them in dried salt cod; diversify the fisherman's catch and his markets; develop new industries to offset the too-great importance of the fisheries.

It was a fine plan but it took confederation, shattering Newfoundland's tariff-walled isolation, to set people working hard at making it a reality.

Consider the case of Derrick Bowring — greying, tweed-jacketed, pleasant but retiring, and scarcely a radical. But spurred by new competition from the mainland, general manager Derrick Bowring has been making some revolutionary changes in the salt-encrusted way the old family firm of Bowring Brothers does business.

Gone Are Grandfather's Ways

First he notified all the firm's wholesale customers among outport merchants, "Terms cash, 30 days" — a shocking departure because Bowrings have been literally bartering imported merchandise for dried salt cod ever since 1811. "We had to change fast to survive when we found confederation had unleashed a hoard of commercial travelers on the island from the mainland," explained Derrick Bowring. "One small merchant who owed us several hundred dollars which we were permitting him to pay off over a year apologized for missing a payment because he had to meet a 30-day note held by a wholesale house in Montreal!"

So now Bowring's is taking 30-day notes instead of codfish and reorganizing the retail end of the old family business as well. Since confederation Bowring's has introduced St. John's shoppers to a smartly modernized store, prices calculated to lure dollars away from Simpson's new order office down the street, and easy payments.

If Newfoundland's outport merchants were to follow the Bowring lead and refuse any longer to advance credit to local fishermen the immediate results might be disastrous. Yet everyone seems to agree that a better system of financing the small operator could be found and the Smallwood Government has taken a first step by establishing a million-dollar fishermen's loan board. The board will lend money to groups of four to six fishermen for the purchase of an all-purpose boat now under development, a boat which will enable them to increase their fishing range, vary

their catch and haul it to convenient processing plants for quick sale.

This small-loan program has not actually begun yet but as an immediate step the provincial government has advanced nearly \$900,000 to back specialized ventures by private firms which promise new markets for inshore fishermen. One of the most interesting of these will in effect turn fish from the sea into meat on the hoof. This scheme has already caused a lot of fishermen to change the ways their fathers taught them and has been the direct result of teamwork between confederationist Smallwood and the man who did his best to lead Newfoundland into economic union with the United States, Ches Crosbie.

Crosbie is a big balding and two-fisted type who started to broaden the firm of Crosbie and Co.'s once almost-exclusive interest in salt cod even before the war. After the war his Economic Union Party did its best to torpedo the cause of confederation, but when the fight was lost Ches Crosbie broadmindedly consented to go to Ottawa to help bargain for terms. Once there, though, he jolted the confederationists by bluntly refusing to sign the union agreement when convinced his country was being sold up the St. Lawrence.

Today some of his fellow businessmen also mutter "sell out" when they tell you how Crosbie subsequently declared for Smallwood's Liberal Party in the first provincial election and then negotiated a government loan for \$375,000. Crosbie cheerfully declares he still thinks confederation was bungled but says he is willing to accept the help of any government interested in diversifying the fisheries.

Crosbie used the major part of the loan to build a strange distillery at Williamsport, on the east coast of Newfoundland's long northern point, which produces something called homogenized fish — a sharply pungent treacle which is much in demand to give livestock feeds a concentrated wallop of vitamins. The plant's towering digesters gobble tons of a small silvery fish called caplin which hurl themselves into Newfoundland's coves so enthusiastically that fishermen-farmers dipnet them out of the shallows and spread them on their fields for fertilizer.

Crosbie has used \$50,000 of his loan to equip such fishermen with seining gear to catch caplin wholesale, guaranteeing to buy all they catch for his homogenizer.

Premier Smallwood is determined to create new industries to offset the too-dominant fisheries. As a first move he hired Nelson Rockefeller's International Basic Economy Corp. for a \$75,000 fee to survey untapped resources and try to interest U.S. capital in any likely ventures turned up. He also ordered an aerial survey of mineral resources in the Notre Dame Bay area and talked of bringing pulpwood from Labrador to feed a proposed new paper mill in the southeastern Placentia Bay area.

But these and other schemes would require a new and plentiful supply of cheap power. So five southern rivers are now being surveyed by the Power Corporation of Canada at a cost of \$150,000.

As a further step to open up the island and spur tourist travel, Premier Smallwood has agreed with Ottawa to drive the trans-Canada highway across Newfoundland, which has no coast-to-coast road, and pay half the estimated cost of \$30 millions.

All these projects have been launched within the government's first year in office and nobody can deny Smallwood's aggressiveness. But even some of his supporters voice misgivings.

"Joe grabs up ideas so fast you wonder whether they're well thought out and properly co-ordinated," confessed one long-time sympathizer.

On one occasion when the irrepressible premier was warming up to spring some new scheme the Liberal St. John's Evening Telegram couldn't wait but shouted "BIG ANNOUNCEMENT SOON." This cryptic huzzah has since become a catchphrase among the government's detractors.

Constantly beset by new inspirations the five-foot five-inch Smallwood sometimes has difficulty concentrating on the problem of the moment. He broke into one discussion to smite his brow and moan, "Why didn't I think of hiring Donald Gordon before the CNR got him! What's \$50,000 a year when we need men like him?" And a moment later he interrupted again with, "I must see Truman about his Point Four program. We can qualify for a loan as an industrially backward area."

"Will Make Her Or Break Her"

Persistent reports that the Smallwood Government is already talking loans cause more concern than anything else. Newfoundland entered confederation with a war-earned surplus of more than \$40 millions. A 3½ million deficit for first-year operations and \$15 millions spent or allocated for capital items will leave less than \$22 millions in the kitty by next April.

"By the time Smallwood pays our share of the trans-Canada highway bill he'll be down to his last \$7 millions," declares one government critic. "There is already talk of deficit financing—but who's going to buy your bonds if you're running in the red each year and can't pay interest?"

Most of the cold water thrown on the provincial development program naturally comes from those who were against confederation in the first place and the basic difference in outlook remains an economic one. The people of Newfoundland elected a government which promised to think first of their welfare, and the business interests of Newfoundland are as cautious of all moves toward a welfare state as most businessmen elsewhere. Yet perhaps nowhere in North America does the welfare of the mass of the people deserve greater attention.

Premier Joe Smallwood has a melodramatic way of declaring that "Newfoundland must develop or perish" and that his government's program "will make her or break her." Less flamboyant souls are chilled by his seeming note of desperation yet they are as ready as anyone to face up to the hard facts of the case.

For Derrick Bowring, Ches Crosbie, fisherman Mike Hann, Joey Smallwood and all the rest of the 348,000 new Canadians share a determined faith in the future of the 10th province, a faith based on the simple proposition that Newfoundland is still the greatest place in the world. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 2

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Even more important, the combined force had to be limited to objectives defined by the United Nations and not by the U. S. high command in Washington. Suppose, for example, that Washington decided MacArthur's force was needed in a hurry to defend Formosa? Defending Chiang Kai-shek is no part of Canada's foreign policy.

That's why it was so essential, in Ottawa's opinion, to find a mode of operation that would be legally unassailable under the terms of the United Nations Charter. And that's why Canada, though no longer a member of the Security Council, played such an active role in framing the key resolution that set up a United Nations Command.

External Affairs people think it's rather lucky for our side that the Russians picked Korea for their first act of open aggression. In Korea the U. S. had forces relatively near at hand in an area where American prestige is important and American security is involved. Had the first move come in Persia, say, or in Yugoslavia, Ottawa doubts very much that Washington would have moved.

Now, with the Korean precedent established, an assaulted Persia or Yugoslavia would ask for the same treatment and have fair hope of getting it. Just as the Japanese, at Pearl Harbor, did the free world the great service of bringing the United States into the war, so now the Russians have brought the United States into full armed support of the United Nations.

That's the bright side. The dark side is the possibility that the reconquest of South Korea may take too large a fraction of American peacetime strength. Pessimists here can see Korea developing into a "Spanish ulcer"—a region of chronic trouble which the U. S. will conquer at great cost then need a lot of continuing strength to pacify.

The British are already snarled in a similar situation in Malaya, the French

in Indo-China. Suppose the U. S. gets well entangled in Korea and then the "People's Republic of Azerbaijan" invades Persia? All the leading Atlantic powers will be deeply embroiled in the Pacific and must either pull out there or double their peacetime military effort, or both. The Russians, meanwhile, will not have had even to move, let alone engage, one Red Army division.

But all that is looking ahead three or four moves in the global chess game and assuming that all our own moves in the interim will be futile.

Chief working quarters of the National Film Board are an old mill on the river front, a rat-infested firetrap with a leaky roof. Any heavy storm floods the place.

Last month I happened to be there one afternoon when a summer cloud-burst had a rather appropriate effect. A stream of water poured through the ceiling on a costly bit of equipment that was being used, just then, to test some films of the Winnipeg flood.

CBC people here are mildly curious about the real identity of an organization called Western Monitoring Service. It provides, free of charge, a weekly report to M.Ps, Senators, M.L.As and leading businessmen; each report is made up of paraphrases and program analyses purporting to show the "left-wing bias" of the CBC.

Western Monitoring Service reports formerly bore a Vancouver street address. When enquiries were made at that number nobody could be found who'd ever heard of Western Monitoring Service. After that the reports carried only a Vancouver box number.

They certainly are mailed from Vancouver; where they are written is not as clear. Recently the service analyzed a farm forum program, apparently not realizing that the bit they singled out for criticism had been heard in Ontario only.

With the aid of friends the CBC has compiled a fairly complete file of WMS reports of recent months. These show that the "left wing," in the view of WMS, is a fairly broad sector—references to such topics as old-age pensions, rent control, the housing shortage and the high cost of living have been enough to qualify speakers as "another leftist."

Since the CBC is also being accused by the Liberals of being pro-Tory, and by the Tories of being pro-Liberal, it's not very worried. ★

A Reborn UN Bares Its Teeth

Continued from page 3

the British M.P.s took form.

There were cheers from both sides of the House, cheers that marked a tremendous moment in history. At last the forces of liberty were proving that it is not only dictators whose patience can be exhausted. No wonder when Atlee resumed his speech on the Schuman plan the debate seemed suddenly unimportant and outmoded.

Of necessity I am writing this article with no knowledge of events beyond the Truman declaration, but whatever the immediate or even the ultimate result this is something that raises the dignity of man.

Many of us at Westminster recalled that day in the spring of 1936 when Hitler, against his generals' advice, took the desperate gamble of marching into the demilitarized zone of the

Rhineland. With his cunning legalistic mind the Führer knew that the German Army had done nothing more than invade German territory, and that he had thus avoided any direct affront to another nation. Would the democratic governments of France and Britain send soldiers to their deaths to drive Germans out of German territory?

Anthony Eden, the youngest Foreign Secretary in many years, informed the House that the League of Nations would meet at once to consider this flagrant defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. The French General Staff advocated immediate mobilization providing Britain would march with them. But the League of Nations, that dream born of Woodrow Wilson's idealism, that toothless exponent of collective insecurity, had become the great alibi for the political conscience.

The league met at the Court of St. James and I went along to see history in the making. Litvinoff, the Russian Ambassador to London, looked like a bespectacled Mr. Pickwick and seemed

to be watching the antics of the Westerners with an amused tolerance and perhaps contempt. Eden put the case against Germany without bitterness but with firmness. The Prime Minister of Belgium spoke passionately for the small nations condemned by history and geography to live on Germany's borders.

The league decided to protest against Hitler's action and resolved to meet again at an early date. The flash point had been passed. The simple issue that Hitler had used force to rewrite the treaty was lost in a clamor of tongues and long-winded argument.

It is easy enough now to blame the statesmen who were there, but it would have been far better never for the league to have been born than for it to exist without the power to carry out its decrees by force. By its very character the league paralyzed initiative and saved the conscience of the timid.

I think the biggest event of the last 100 years was America's coming of age. Now we have seen America raise her

Cross Country

THE MARITIMES

SEVERAL years ago the farmer-controlled legislature of Prince Edward Island decreed a single time for the whole island, thereby outlawing daylight saving which had been in effect during summer in many of the towns. Rural people argued that even if they stayed on standard time on the farms, stores in town closed too early for them and it was hard to get a full day's work from their help when movies and other amusements began an hour earlier.

Urban P. E. I. chafed under the loss of an hour of daylight and this spring the Charlottetown Board of Trade worked out a compromise: let fast time be allowed in August and September, when the days are getting shorter anyway. Speakers carried the board's case to the county federations of agriculture, which then voted on the proposal.

The farmers stood fast. Three quarters of them voted No.

ONTARIO

To raise money for Winnipeg flood relief, Hamilton dug in with all the vigor of a sandbag filler on a shaky dike. Ken Soble, owner of station CHML, had the idea: build and sell tickets on a house. The city gave a lot. Builders and tradesmen volunteered labor. Merchants donated furnishings. And in just over six days a six-room brick house, completely equipped, was ready. It even had a car in the garage, donated by local Studebaker dealers. Total value: \$35,000.

About 200,000 \$1 tickets were sold. Forty thousand people paid 25 cents to visit the dream home. Ten thousand attended the drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood, of Hamilton, were the lucky holders. Because this was not a raffle, all they won was the privilege of paying \$1 for the house. They did.

Proceeds for Winnipeg, raised in just over a month: \$217,000.

QUEBEC

The schoolhouse went to the pupils recently when the tiny (139-ton) mis-

sion ship Regina Polaris sailed from Montreal recently on her annual 14,000-mile Arctic cruise.

Piled in sections on her foredeck were prefabricated parts. In her cabin were two carpenters from Lachute, Que., Hector McRae and Clayton Boyd. At Cape Dorset, on the north coast of frigid Hudson Strait, they were to whip the pieces together into a teacher's house and a four-room 35-pupil school.

Just off Cape Dorset three years ago the Nascopie, veteran Arctic supply ship, foundered. This summer her replacement was ready, the last word in Arctic travel. The new ship, the C. D. Howe (3,628 tons), was built in Lauzon, Que. Included in her equipment are kennels for Eskimo dogs and a hospital. She will also carry a helicopter which will take off and land from her narrow deck with just enough room to spare.

THE PRAIRIES

Under a treaty of 1876, Alberta Indians may kill all the game they like, of any sex or age, for food. But when 13 Indians from the Saddle Lake Reserve drove 250 miles and staged a slaughter in the Edson district, the Fish and Game Department launched a test case to see if the treaty was valid.

The Indians killed six male and one female elk, two male and eight female moose, two male and one female deer and three calves. All the females are protected by law.

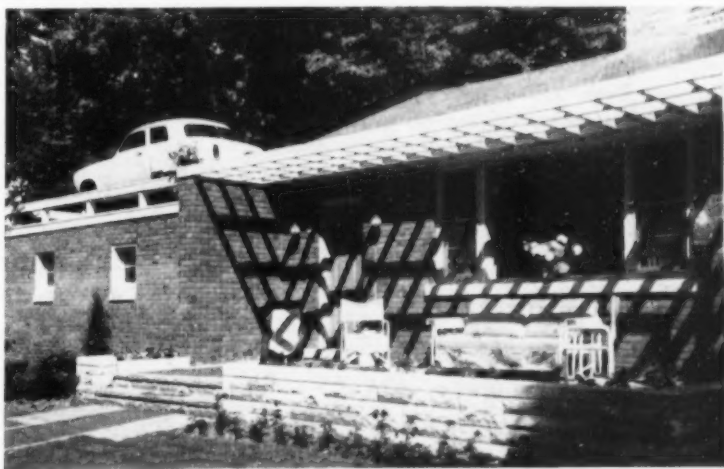
The court upheld the treaty and acquitted the Indians. Now Alberta plans representations to Ottawa to have the treaty revised.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Just out of a three-year term in the B. C. penitentiary, Frank Dewey exhibited an invention which will make him less than popular with his old cellmates. It is a lock which he claims is virtually pickproof, made and perfected by him in the prison workshop.

Vancouver locksmiths tried the lock. One of them said it could be picked only by a fluke, "one chance in a million."

Dewey, 62, hopes to make enough from his lock to finance a fish boat and go straight. ★



HAMILTON'S DREAM HOME meant a \$35,000 house for \$1 and \$217,000 for Winnipeg.

hand and say that aggression must come no farther. We cannot bring the dead years back to life but think what this would have meant 15 years ago when the demon of Berchtesgaden was cold-bloodedly planning the destruction of civilization.

It is impossible to believe that the Russianized state of North Korea acted without the direct prompting of the Kremlin. A week before the attack the British General Staff was expecting the Russians to make a provocative move somewhere within their vast sphere of influence. I do not say that the British expected war on a big scale but the Russian timetable was lagging behind events and it was known that Stalin was in constant conference with his military advisers. It must also be remembered that the Russian is a semi-Oriental and that in Asia it is a bad thing to lose face.

Russia has not forgotten how the Allies won the battle of the air lift in Berlin. Russia has not forgotten how at Whitsun the Allies manned their zone with armed police in case the youth marchers of the Soviet Zone tried to invade the other sections of Berlin. Russia has not forgotten that Tito, who defied the Kremlin, is still alive and that the Communist Government of Czechoslovakia is living on its nerves as the resentment of the people rises with each successive attack upon their few remaining liberties.

Hitler knew that he could never afford a failure on his rise to power. That is why he chose the Jews, who had no army or navy, as the first victims of his hate, and marked down helpless Austria. But the revolutionary can never let things stand still. That is what drove Napoleon from conquest to conquest until his diseased vanity led him into the vast blunder of invading Russia. It was the same with Hitler who could never rest upon his successes but had to follow his star even though it led to the flames of the inferno.

Stalin is wiser than Hitler. He is cruel as a matter of policy, not because it satisfies his blood lust. From talks I have had with men who have met Stalin in conference I could believe that he is tired of the excesses of revolution but dare not turn his back upon the monster he helped to create. Anthony Eden is one of the men who still believes that the Western world could do a deal with "Uncle Joe." I hope he is right.

And now, for the first time since the war, Stalin finds himself on the defensive. The initiative has passed from the Kremlin to the United Nations and its supreme exponent the United States of America. Unless Stalin was prepared for the dynamic reaction of the West against the Korean outrage then he was a fool to risk it.

Never has the Oriental cunning of the Muscovite been more clearly demonstrated than in dealing with partitioned Germany. Stalin knows, as does every Western politician, that the cry of "Unite the Fatherland" is deep in the heart of every German. Every minister

serving in the governments of either of the two zones knows that some day that cry will ring across the skies. And just as Abraham Lincoln sent hundreds of thousands of men to their death to preserve the union, so the Germans will not flinch at a civil war to restore their union.

The Communist is now like an old dog that cannot learn new tricks and, therefore, we have a certain advantage in forecasting his next moves. He works to a plan which deviates perhaps in detail but never seriously in design. Therefore, in the Soviet Zone of Berlin, the Red Army has been training the Peoples' Police Corps, equipped with tanks and aircraft and trained on modern military lines. Estimates differ on the strength of the corps but it is probably more than 500,000. In addition there is the imitation Hitler Youth Movement which is being taught to march like the doomed battalions of the Nazi adolescents and to be ready as auxiliaries for the so-called police. Then, at a given moment, Russia would call for the occupying forces of the Allies to withdraw from the two zones and allow a free Germany to decide its own future.

Democracy Is on Trial

What could the helpless police of Western Berlin do with their truncheons against a "liberation march" of the Peoples' Police and the screaming youth battalions? Berlin could be occupied in a night—and Berlin is still the heart of the Fatherland.

But this is where Stalin has blundered with his gunpowder plot in Korea. The Allies will not move out of Germany now, not until the threat of Russian communized imperialism is contained firmly within the borders of the Soviet.

Yet the Western world will not retain the initiative if the U. S. is left to police the world almost alone. This is the chance to give teeth to the United Nations. Now is the hour to create an international police force which will be able to act with world authority. I know the difficulties but it can be done and should be done.

A long struggle lies ahead, a struggle which will require vast patience and fixed purpose. Asia is in eruption and Russia intends that it shall remain so. The Western world must recognize the just aspirations of the Asiatics while ensuring that Communism does not ride to power on them. Truly our governments are facing a testing period in which democracy itself will be on trial.

Oscar Wilde wrote: "Out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain." Perhaps in the painful years ahead we shall see the United Nations give birth to a form of world government. Something akin to that must emerge unless this planet, the earth, is to be changed into a fiery burning star consuming all things and beings that live upon it. ★

NEXT ISSUE

The Driving Obsession of Harry Oakes

A Maclean's Flashback by Barbara Moon

When Sir Harry Oakes, Bart., was murdered by an unknown hand in 1943 the curtain dropped on a bizarre and colorful career. What was the obsession that drove Oakes all his life, from Death Valley to Kirkland Lake to his death in a pink Bahamas mansion? Here's the whole fabulous story.

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That's why it was so essential, in Ottawa's opinion, to find a mode of operation that would be legally unassailable under the terms of the United Nations Charter. And that's why Canada, though no longer a member of the Security Council, played such an active role in framing the key resolution that set up a United Nations Command.

External Affairs people think it's rather lucky for our side that the Russians picked Korea for their first act of open aggression. In Korea the U. S. had forces relatively near at hand in an area where American prestige is important and American security is involved. Had the first move come in Persia, say, or in Yugoslavia, Ottawa doubts very much that Washington would have moved.

Now, with the Korean precedent established, an assaulted Persia or Yugoslavia would ask for the same treatment and have fair hope of getting it. Just as the Japanese, at Pearl Harbor, did the free world the great service of bringing the United States into the war, so now the Russians have brought the United States into full armed support of the United Nations.

That's the bright side. The dark side is the possibility that the reconquest of South Korea may take too large a fraction of American peacetime strength. Pessimists here can see Korea developing into a "Spanish ulcer"—a region of chronic trouble which the U. S. will conquer at great cost then need a lot of continuing strength to pacify.

The British are already snarled in a similar situation in Malaya, the French

in Indo-China. Suppose the U. S. gets well entangled in Korea and then the "People's Republic of Azerbaijan" invades Persia? All the leading Atlantic powers will be deeply embroiled in the Pacific and must either pull out there or double their peacetime military effort, or both. The Russians, meanwhile, will not have had even to move, let alone engage, one Red Army division.

But all that is looking ahead three or four moves in the global chess game and assuming that all our own moves in the interim will be futile.

Chief working quarters of the National Film Board are an old mill on the river front, a rat-infested firetrap with a leaky roof. Any heavy storm floods the place.

Last month I happened to be there one afternoon when a summer cloudburst had a rather appropriate effect. A stream of water poured through the ceiling on a costly bit of equipment that was being used, just then, to test some films of the Winnipeg flood.

CBC people here are mildly curious about the real identity of an organization called Western Monitoring Service. It provides, free of charge, a weekly report to M.P.s, Senators, M.L.As and leading businessmen; each report is made up of paraphrases and program analyses purporting to show the "left-wing bias" of the CBC.

Western Monitoring Service reports formerly bore a Vancouver street address. When enquiries were made at that number nobody could be found who'd ever heard of Western Monitoring Service. After that the reports carried only a Vancouver box number.

They certainly are mailed from Vancouver; where they are written is not as clear. Recently the service analyzed a farm forum program, apparently not realizing that the bit they singled out for criticism had been heard in Ontario only.

With the aid of friends the CBC has compiled a fairly complete file of WMS reports of recent months. These show that the "left wing," in the view of WMS, is a fairly broad sector—references to such topics as old-age pensions, rent control, the housing shortage and the high cost of living have been enough to qualify speakers as "another leftist."

Since the CBC is also being accused by the Liberals of being pro-Tory, and by the Tories of being pro-Liberal, it's not very worried. ★

A Reborn UN Bares Its Teeth

Continued from page 3

the British M.P.s took form.

There were cheers from both sides of the House, cheers that marked a tremendous moment in history. At last the forces of liberty were proving that it is not only dictators whose patience can be exhausted. No wonder when Attlee resumed his speech on the Schuman plan the debate seemed suddenly unimportant and outmoded.

Of necessity I am writing this article with no knowledge of events beyond the Truman declaration, but whatever the immediate or even the ultimate result this is something that raises the dignity of man.

Many of us at Westminster recalled that day in the spring of 1936 when Hitler, against his generals' advice, took the desperate gamble of marching into the demilitarized zone of the

Rhineland. With his cunning legalistic mind the Führer knew that the German Army had done nothing more than invade German territory, and that he had thus avoided any direct affront to another nation. Would the democratic governments of France and Britain send soldiers to their deaths to drive Germans out of German territory?

Anthony Eden, the youngest Foreign Secretary in many years, informed the House that the League of Nations would meet at once to consider this flagrant defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. The French General Staff advocated immediate mobilization providing Britain would march with them. But the League of Nations, that dream born of Woodrow Wilson's idealism, that toothless exponent of collective insecurity, had become the great alibi for the political conscience.

The league met at the Court of St. James and I went along to see history in the making. Litvinoff, the Russian Ambassador to London, looked like a bespectacled Mr. Pickwick and seemed

to be watching the antics of the Westerners with an amused tolerance and perhaps contempt. Eden put the case against Germany without bitterness but with firmness. The Prime Minister of Belgium spoke passionately for the small nations condemned by history and geography to live on Germany's borders.

The league decided to protest against Hitler's action and resolved to meet again at an early date. The flash point had been passed. The simple issue that Hitler had used force to rewrite the treaty was lost in a clamor of tongues and long-winded argument.

It is easy enough now to blame the statesmen who were there, but it would have been far better never for the league to have been born than for it to exist without the power to carry out its decrees by force. By its very character the league paralyzed initiative and saved the conscience of the timid.

I think the biggest event of the last 100 years was America's coming of age. Now we have seen America raise her

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hand and say that aggression must come no farther. We cannot bring the dead years back to life but think what this would have meant 15 years ago when the demon of Berchtesgaden was cold-bloodedly planning the destruction of civilization.

It is impossible to believe that the Russianized state of North Korea acted without the direct prompting of the Kremlin. A week before the attack the British General Staff was expecting the Russians to make a provocative move somewhere within their vast sphere of influence. I do not say that the British expected war on a big scale but the Russian timetable was lagging behind events and it was known that Stalin was in constant conference with his military advisers. It must also be remembered that the Russian is a semi-Oriental and that in Asia it is a bad thing to lose face.

Russia has not forgotten how the Allies won the battle of the air lift in Berlin. Russia has not forgotten how at Whitson the Allies manned their zone with armed police in case the youth marchers of the Soviet Zone tried to invade the other sections of Berlin. Russia has not forgotten that Tito, who defied the Kremlin, is still alive and that the Communist Government of Czechoslovakia is living on its nerves as the resentment of the people rises with each successive attack upon their few remaining liberties.

Hitler knew that he could never afford a failure on his rise to power. That is why he chose the Jews, who had no army or navy, as the first victims of his hate, and marked down helpless Austria. But the revolutionary can never let things stand still. That is what drove Napoleon from conquest to conquest until his diseased vanity led him into the vast blunder of invading Russia. It was the same with Hitler who could never rest upon his successes but had to follow his star even though it led to the flames of the inferno.

Stalin is wiser than Hitler. He is as cruel as a matter of policy, not because it satisfies his blood lust. From talks I have had with men who have met Stalin in conference I could believe that he is tired of the excesses of revolution but dare not turn his back upon the monster he helped to create. Anthony Eden is one of the men who still believes that the Western world could do a deal with "Uncle Joe." I hope he is right...

And now, for the first time since the war, Stalin finds himself on the defensive. The initiative has passed from the Kremlin to the United Nations and its supreme exponent the United States of America. Unless Stalin was prepared for the dynamic reaction of the West against the Korean outrage then he was a fool to risk it.

Never has the Oriental cunning of the Muscovite been more clearly demonstrated than in dealing with partitioned Germany. Stalin knows, as does every Western politician, that the cry of "Unite the Fatherland" is deep in the heart of every German. Every minister

serving in the governments of either of the two zones knows that some day that cry will ring across the skies. And just as Abraham Lincoln sent hundreds of thousands of men to their death to preserve the union, so the Germans will not flinch at a civil war to restore their union.

The Communist is now like an old dog that cannot learn new tricks and, therefore, we have a certain advantage in forecasting his next moves. He works to a plan which deviates perhaps in detail but never seriously in design. Therefore, in the Soviet Zone of Berlin, the Red Army has been training the Peoples' Police Corps, equipped with tanks and aircraft and trained on modern military lines. Estimates differ on the strength of the corps but it is probably more than 500,000. In addition there is the imitation Hitler Youth Movement which is being taught to march like the doomed battalions of the Nazi adolescents and to be ready as auxiliaries for the so-called police. Then, at a given moment, Russia would call for the occupying forces of the Allies to withdraw from the two zones and allow a free Germany to decide its own future.

Democracy Is on Trial

What could the helpless police of Western Berlin do with their truncheons against a "liberation march" of the Peoples' Police and the screaming youth battalions? Berlin could be occupied in a night—and Berlin is still the heart of the Fatherland.

But this is where Stalin has blundered with his gunpowder plot in Korea. The Allies will not move out of Germany now, not until the threat of Russian communized imperialism is contained firmly within the borders of the Soviet.

Yet the Western world will not retain the initiative if the U.S. is left to police the world almost alone. This is the chance to give teeth to the United Nations. Now is the hour to create an international police force which will be able to act with world authority. I know the difficulties but it can be done and should be done.

A long struggle lies ahead, a struggle which will require vast patience and fixed purpose. Asia is in eruption and Russia intends that it shall remain so. The Western world must recognize the just aspirations of the Asiatics while ensuring that Communism does not ride to power on them. Truly our governments are facing a testing period in which democracy itself will be on trial.

Oscar Wilde wrote: "Out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain." Perhaps in the painful years ahead we shall see the United Nations give birth to a form of world government. Something akin to that must emerge unless this planet, the earth, is to be changed into a fiery burning star consuming all things and beings that live upon it. ★

Cross Country

THE MARITIMES

SEVERAL years ago the farmer-controlled legislature of Prince Edward Island decreed a single time for the whole island, thereby outlawing daylight saving which had been in effect during summer in many of the towns. Rural people argued that even if they stayed on standard time on the farms, stores in town closed too early for them and it was hard to get a full day's work from their help when movies and other amusements began an hour earlier.

Urban P. E. I. chafed under the loss of an hour of daylight and this spring the Charlottetown Board of Trade worked out a compromise: let fast time be allowed in August and September, when the days are getting shorter anyway. Speakers carried the board's case to the county federations of agriculture, which then voted on the proposal.

The farmers stood fast. Three quarters of them voted No.

ONTARIO

To raise money for Winnipeg flood relief, Hamilton dug in with all the vigor of a sandbag filler on a shaky dike. Ken Sobie, owner of station CHML, had the idea: build and sell tickets on a house. The city gave a lot. Builders and tradesmen volunteered labor. Merchants donated furnishings. And in just over six days a six-room brick house, completely equipped, was ready. It even had a car in the garage, donated by local Studebaker dealers. Total value: \$35,000.

About 200,000 \$1 tickets were sold. Forty thousand people paid 25 cents to visit the dream home. Ten thousand attended the drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood, of Hamilton, were the lucky holders. Because this was not a raffle, all they won was the privilege of paying \$1 for the house. They did.

Proceeds for Winnipeg, raised in just over a month: \$217,000.

QUEBEC

The schoolhouse went to the pupils recently when the tiny (139-ton) mis-

sion ship Regina Polaris sailed from Montreal recently on her annual 14,000-mile Arctic cruise.

Piled in sections on her foredeck were prefabricated parts. In her cabin were two carpenters from Lachute, Que., Hector McRae and Clayton Boyd. At Cape Dorset, on the north coast of frigid Hudson Strait, they were to whip the pieces together into a teacher's house and a four-room 35-pupil school.

Just off Cape Dorset three years ago the Nascopie, veteran Arctic supply ship, foundered. This summer her replacement was ready, the last word in Arctic travel. The new ship, the C. D. Howe (3,628 tons), was built in Lauzon, Que. Included in her equipment are kennels for Eskimo dogs and a hospital. She will also carry a helicopter which will take off and land from her narrow deck with just enough room to spare.

THE PRAIRIES

Under a treaty of 1876, Alberta Indians may kill all the game they like, of any sex or age, for food. But when 13 Indians from the Saddle Lake Reserve drove 250 miles and staged a slaughter in the Edson district, the Fish and Game Department launched a test case to see if the treaty was valid.

The Indians killed six male and one female elk, two male and eight female moose, two male and one female deer and three calves. All the females are protected by law.

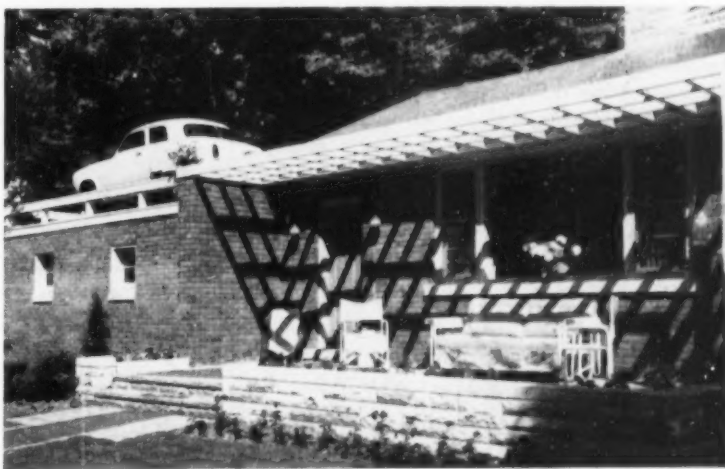
The court upheld the treaty and acquitted the Indians. Now Alberta plans representations to Ottawa to have the treaty revised.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Just out of a three-year term in the B. C. penitentiary, Frank Dewey exhibited an invention which will make him less than popular with his old cellmates. It is a lock which he claims is virtually pickproof, made and perfected by him in the prison workshop.

Vancouver locksmiths tried the lock. One of them said it could be picked only by a fluke, "one chance in a million."

Dewey, 62, hopes to make enough from his lock to finance a fish boat and go straight. ★



HAMILTON'S DREAM HOME meant a \$35,000 house for \$1 and \$217,000 for Winnipeg.

NEXT ISSUE

The Driving Obsession of Harry Oakes

A Maclean's Flashback by Barbara Moon

When Sir Harry Oakes, Bart., was murdered by an unknown hand in 1943 the curtain dropped on a bizarre and colorful career. What was the obsession that drove Oakes all his life, from Death Valley to Kirkland Lake to his death in a pink Bahamas mansion? Here's the whole fabulous story.

MACLEAN'S SEPT 1

ON SALE AUG. 25

Carlton House Terrace, London, a famous example of the Regency-style architecture of John Nash. Specially drawn by Laurence Wright, A.R.I.B.A.



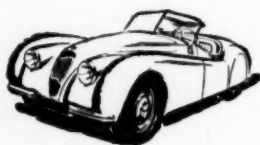
Everything about it has distinction

Writing of the Mark V Jaguar, Courtenay Edwards, famous motoring authority, says:—"Everything about it, the feel of it, the way it goes, the way it sounds and the way it looks has distinction! Its engine is as docile in city streets as it is impatiently fast on the open road... I particularly liked the new steering which is light and positive. It corners like a racing car yet the springing with extra long torsion bars for the independent front suspension gives a delightfully smooth ride."

Features of the Sedan and Convertible include: 125 h.p. 6 Cylinder motor. Body of heavy gauge steel. Slim window pillars providing wide visibility. Most complete and beautiful instrument panel on any car. Air-conditioning. Soft leather upholstery in wide choice of colors. Convertible can be driven half open, fully open or closed. Lavishly equipped — no extras.

Mark V 3½-litre Sedan ... \$ 4125.00
Mark V 3½-litre Convertible... \$ 4235.00
XK 120 3½-litre Super Sports \$ 4300.00
(Seaboard prices. Inland transportation extra.)
Below is pictured the Jaguar Super Sports, with 160 h.p. twin overhead camshaft engine, which holds the world's record for a production car with the remarkable speed of 132.6 m.p.h.

Jaguar



Immediate or Early Delivery and After Sales Service from:—HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA: Murch Motors Ltd. MONTREAL: Budd & Dyer, 5028 Sherbrooke Street West. OTTAWA: Waverley Motors Ltd., 180-190 Driveway. QUEBEC: Giguere Automobile, Ltee, 501, Rue St. Vallier. TORONTO: James L. Cooke Motors Ltd., 2489 Bloor Street West. VANCOUVER: Thomas Plimley Ltd., 654 Burrard Street. VICTORIA: Thomas Plimley Ltd., 1010 Yates Street. WINNIPEG: James L. Cooke Motors (Western) Ltd., 818 Portage Ave.

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A REPORTER on the Montreal Gazette was overheard enthusing at a Press Club gathering about a recent program in the CBC's series of high-toned Wednesday Night shows. The group included a CBC man who at first beamed, then suddenly fixed the Gazette man with a suspicious gaze.

"Do you have a radio license?" he demanded.

"Why no," confessed the enthusiast without shame.

"Didn't you feel guilty sitting there enjoying that splendid program free?"

"Of course not," exclaimed the newspaperman—"felt just like I was at any show on a pass."

...

A Vancouver man couldn't figure why the lights seemed to be on all day in the house next door, though the place was dark and deserted each night. "Oh, that," said his neighbor when queried. "My wife's on a month's vacation and if she happened to notice on the next power bill I'd hardly used the lights at all I'd have some tall explaining to do."

...

A clerk in the small department store in Dundas, Ont., has to double as window dresser. One afternoon a while back when he was rushing to place some street-attired mannequins back in the window after closing he



grabbed up one dummy under his arm, only to have it start screaming and kicking. Just the manager's wife, waiting around for her hubby to close up shop.

...

The continuing Doukhobor troubles started a B.C. man reminiscing recently about the time in 1933 when 300 Doukhobor men and women paraded through Nelson strictly in the raw. Local provincial police

waited for them, armed with fire hoses and reinforced by dozens of special constables who had been hurriedly sworn. The nude paraders were finally herded into a tennis court and the first of the Doukhobors were being hauled away in commandeered trucks and station wagons when one



special constable got too close to a group of brawny built Doukhobor women. One of them made a grab at him and the next second he was gone—vanished into the eddying mass of human flesh. A moment later when one more naked figure shot out from the crowd, yelling and protesting he was snatched up by the cops and whisked off to jail. It was hours before the furious special constable regained his freedom—and his clothes.

...

In one Saskatchewan district the last farmer has now switched from team to tractor—but he didn't make the transition without a battle. The tractor had about seven speeds forward and after a full day of hitting every one wrong he was about to go back to the hayburner, but a reaming phone chat with the dealer decided him to give the monster a second day's trial.

He finally got the thing worked to cruising speed the next morning but he was afraid he'd never be able to go through the right motions again if he dared to stop. So when lunch time came he swung round near the house to shout at his wife, and the next time round maw was out there winding up like a big-league twister with a parcel of sandwiches. He caught 'em on the run and went right on, eating and driving.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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SCARLET Tanager



INDIGO BUNTING



BOBOLINK

ROSE-BREADED
GROSBEAK

GOLDFINCH

Sunrise Spectrum

Midsummer . . . days are long, and drowsy.
Insects hum, and the countryside shimmers in
the blazing sun. But in the fields the birds are
busy, and cool green woodlands
pulse with mellow songs.

The colors and voices of these birds are typical of
Canadian summer. Their gay patterns and
cheerful songs are everywhere. Look for the bobolink,
goldfinch and indigo bunting in the
fields and pastures. The tanager and grosbeak hide in leafy
groves. These birds are all
valuable, feeding largely on insects.

Look around your own neighborhood at any time—
you'll be amazed at the new world of nature to be
found right on your own doorstep! Appreciation
is the first step toward protection. Once you've
discovered nature, you'll want to keep it unspoiled.

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Does the **WHOLE** job
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*Famous independent laboratory proves
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Twice the Speed

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ALL other leading cleansers

LOOK AT THE RECORD:

Cleanser	Cleaning Efficiency	
OLD DUTCH	100%	
CLEANSER A	58.3%	Average 49.8%
CLEANSER B	50.0%	
CLEANSER C	48.5%	
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Your sink and tub...even greasiest roasters and broilers come shining clean faster than ever before! Amazing new grease-dissolver cuts stubborn grease on contact!

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See your pots, pans and porcelain gleam... as rich, thick Old Dutch suds, filled with Activated Seismotite, absorb sticky grease, dirt and stains... float them all away.

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

September 1, 1950

Ten Cents

**MACKENZIE KING
 AS I KNEW HIM**

*Blair Fraser's
 Exclusive Story*

